TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

DECEMBER, 1956 - 25c

HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG
Bloody Saga of Black Jack Ketchum and his Dreaded Outlaws

WHEN COOPER WRIGHT MET THE MOB
Cricket-Size but Law Dynamite—One of the Greats

CINDERELLA OF THE COMSTOCK LODE

HOW THE DUTCHMAN GOT HIS GOLD!

A MAN CALLED BAT

HANGING OF 38 SIOUX
Biggest Mass Execution in Frontier History!

ONE AGAINST AN ARMY
Nate Champion—One Gun Against Fifty!

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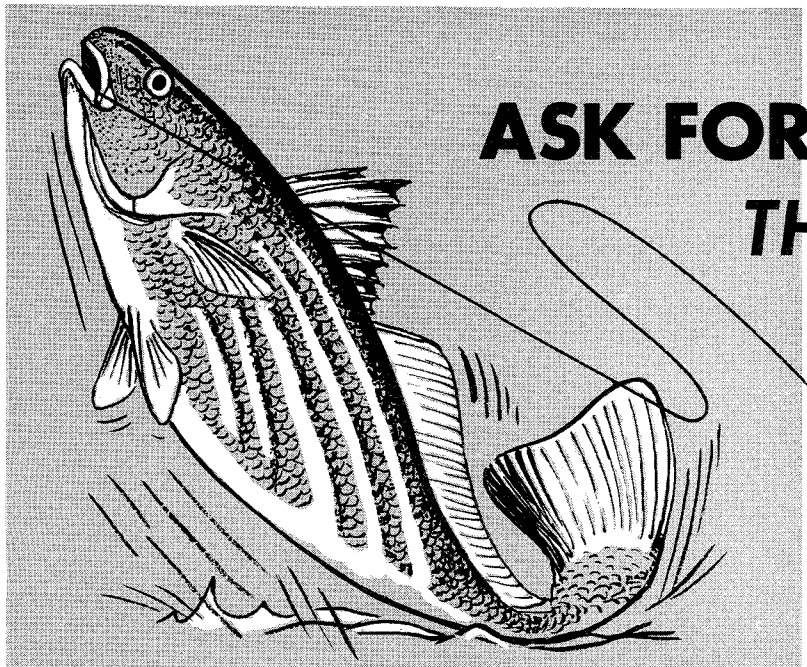

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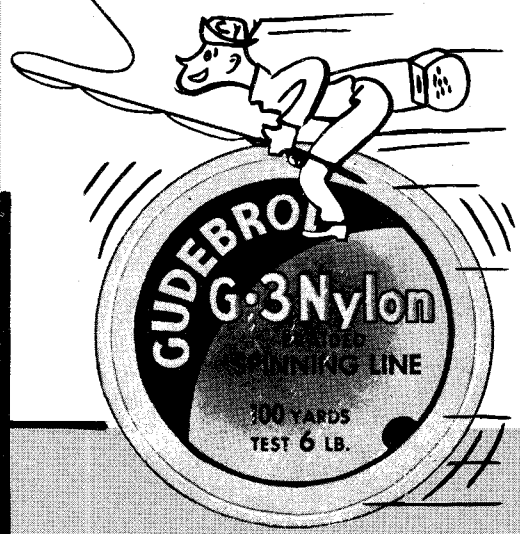

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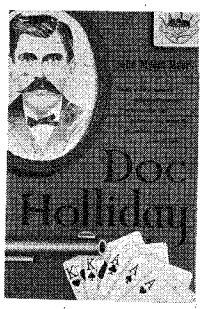

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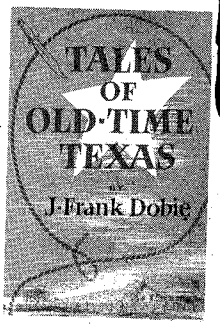

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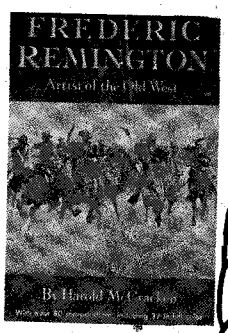

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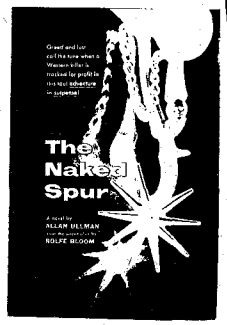

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Coming Up!

Leading off next issue will be Nell Murbarger's stark chiller, "Mad Killers of El Dorado Canyon." Incredible as it seems, no less than thirty persons were murdered in and about this lonely canyon in the southern tip of Nevada over a period of nearly forty years—from 1890 to the late 1920's. More incredible still, not one murderer was ever arrested or brought to trial in a court of law!

You've probably never heard of a Pawnee warrior named Petalesharo; yet he was the toast of Washington society in 1822. A fancy formal reception was given in his honor, and a pretty Washington schoolgirl presented him with a silver medal for his gallantry in saving a Comanche girl from the sacrificial fire of the Pawnee priests. Norm Wiltsey spins the interesting yarn in his article, "Bravest of the Braves."

Next in line comes one of the unique personal experience stories with no punches pulled for which TRUE WEST is becoming famous. In "Shot and Left to Die!" Buffalo Vernon gives a shocking account of how gunmen employed by the big cattlemen of Johnson County, Wyoming, lynched both his parents and carried him, a small boy of six, off into the Black Hills. There, they chained him by a leg to a stump in an old dug-out, shot him in the throat, and callously left him to bleed to death. Miraculously, he was rescued by a Sioux hunting party, and lived to be a champion bronc rider, steer roper and bulldogger with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. He won his title of Buffalo by being the first man ever to ride a saddled wild buffalo! Buffalo Vernon's true story beats the wildest fiction yarn you ever read.

Bill Tilghman was the only one of the famous frontier lawmen to uphold the law across two eras—old West and modern West. Bill Burchardt briefly and vividly sketches Tilghman's thrilling career from its inception as undersheriff to Bat Masterson in Ford County, Kansas, in 1878, to his violent death a half-century later as marshal of the wild boomtown of Cromwell, Oklahoma.

No man in frontier history was feared by outlaws and killers as much as the "Hanging Judge"—Isaac Charles Parker. During his stern regime as federal judge at Fort Smith, Arkansas, 79 criminals were hanged. In "No God West of Fort Smith," Glenn Shirley makes you acquainted with the Hanging Judge and explains how and why he acquired his grim title.

You folks never seem to tire of reading yarns about Jacob Walzer (or Walz) and the possible source of his fabled treasure in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. Carl Howe, an old-timer who first came to Arizona in 1906, believes that the Dutchman may have found the hidden treasure hoard of the Aztec ruler, Montezuma. Carl builds us a real plausible case for the intriguing theory in his piece, "Did the Dutchman Find Montezuma's Treasure Hoard?"

Part Two of Ben Titsworth's "Hole-in-the-Wall Gang," brings a game and defiant Black Jack Ketchum to the gallows and tells of the dissolution of his feared band. More illustrations by the author and more of his rare photographs, including a macabre shot of Black Jack immediately after his execution.

Medicine women were scarce among the Indian tribes of the West, and Koma-tura was the first to appear among the Osages. She possessed the gift of healing and performing small miracles. William R. Draper, a cub reporter in Indian Territory in 1895, relates some of the wizardly accomplishments of Koma-tura in his article "Medicine Woman."

(Continued on page 48)

November-December, 1956
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Whole No. 18

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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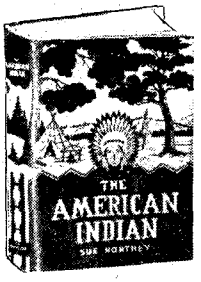

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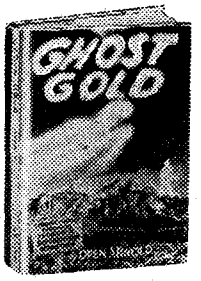

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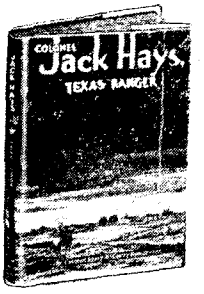

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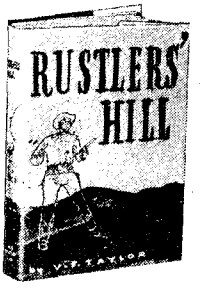

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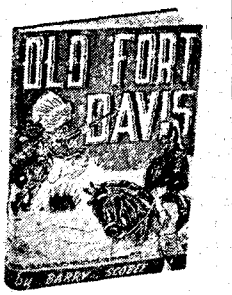

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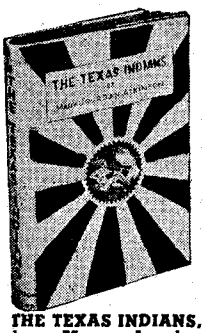

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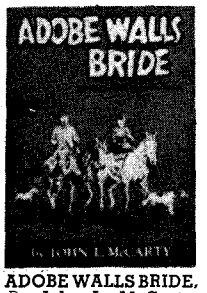

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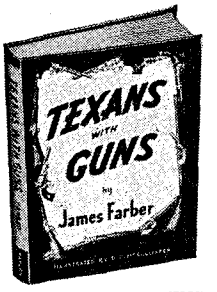

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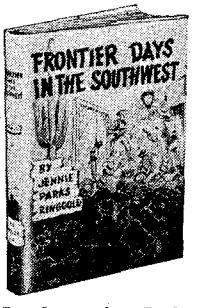

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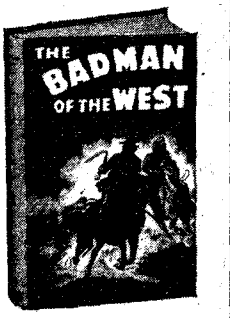

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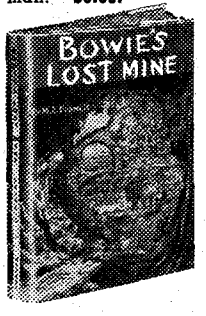

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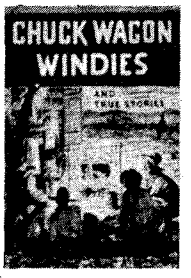

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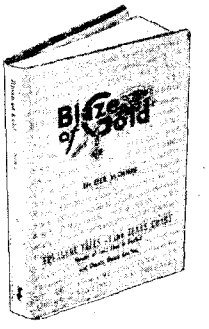

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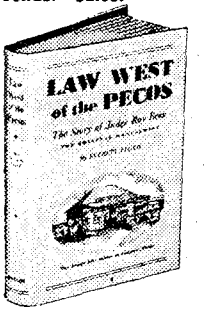

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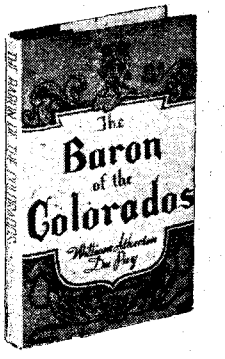

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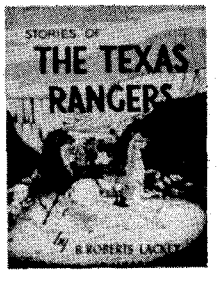

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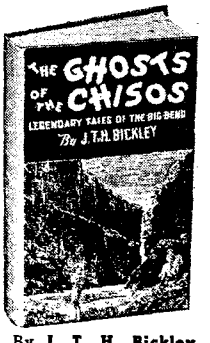

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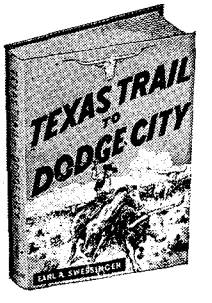

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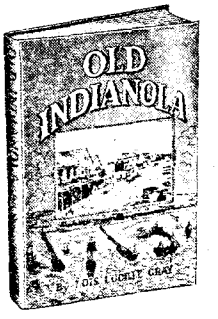

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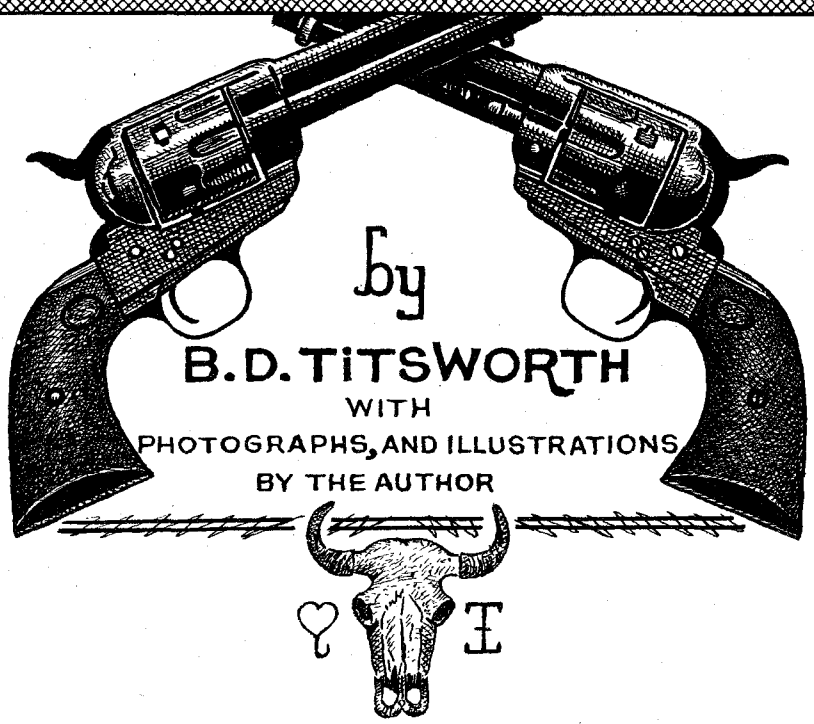
Hole-in-the-Wall Gang



Here is an Old West documentary, on Black Jack Ketchum and his infamous Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws. It is notable for careful, detailed realism and entirely lacking in flashy, pseudo-dramatic writing technique. We like it; we think you'll like it too.

Author's Note: The train robbers, cattle rustlers, horse thieves and murderers I write of in this article, were men George W. Titsworth (my father) captured or helped to capture in his long career as a deputy sheriff from 1877 to 1912. —BDT

DURING a period about sixty years ago, there operated in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Arizona the most reckless, daring and murderous band of desperadoes this country has ever known—men who defied all lawful authority. This gang of train and stage robbers was known as the Hole-in-the-Wall outlaws.

In this gang was Tom Ketchum, a Texan, better known as Black Jack, and the original leader, his brother Sam Ketchum, Billy Carver, Eliza Lay McGinnis, George Meeks, Dave Atkins, Ed Bullin, G. W. Franks, Black Bob McManus, Harry Longbaugh (known as the "Sun Dance Kid" because he was from Sun Dance, Wyoming) Butch Cassidy, George Curry, Ben Kilpatrick, Harvey and Lonny Logan (brothers), and the wife of Ed Bullin, Lauria.

If interfered with in the carrying out of their crimes, these men regarded human life as about equivalent to the value of a charge of powder in one of their cartridges.

They made their headquarters near Baldy in the Raton Mountains of New Mexico, and a place known as the Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, and in Robbers Roost in Utah. In these wild fastnesses, hundreds of feet in height, broken by canyons, and interlaced with ravines and crevices and surrounded by dense forests, these outlaws were immune from capture and even pursuit. Once at any one of these places, they could defy a regiment of soldiers.

The only entrance and exit of the Hole-in-the-Wall hideout was a narrow gorge through which a stream flowed to the open country beyond. At the entrance the walls rose abruptly and it was almost impossible to scale them. Anyone unfamiliar with the place who should have the intrepidity to enter would soon be lost in a network of intricate ravines and be utterly at sea as to the exit.

In the seclusion of this and the other mountain hideouts, these desperadoes planned all their crimes of train, bank and stage robberies, and in their execution eventually met death or capture. Separated by great distance, one by one they met the inevitable fate of the transgressor, and in nearly every instance by means of weapons with which they were most familiar—the Winchester and six-shooter—in the hands of crime avengers.

EVOLUTION of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum's gang has never been accurately traced. It comprised about ten or thirteen desperate men, but so closely veiled were its movements that when Sam and later Black Jack were captured, former Sheriff Gerome W. Shields of Tom Green County, Texas, had to be summoned to identify them. He knew them in the Eighties. He said he had arrested Black Jack for disturbing the peace near San Angelo, and later Ketchum had formed a gang and robbed a Southern Pacific train near Lozier, Texas.

Son of a physician near San Angelo, Texas, Black Jack left there sometime in the 1880's when Texas Rangers sought him for the killing of Jap Powers. He went to the Pecos Valley and was later joined by his brother, Sam. Berry, another brother, remained a Texas ranchman. Black Jack also had one or two sisters.

Ex-Governor James H. Hinkle of New Mexico knew Tom and Sam Ketchum well through having been associated with them at roundups. They never worked for Hinkle's outfit.

The first time Black Jack harassed a locomotive engineer in New Mexico was in Clayton in 1890, shortly after arriving there with a trail herd from Roswell, N. M. Hidden behind

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a pile of railroad ties, Black Jack blistered the engineman with buckshot from a beanshooter every time he stooped to oil the drivers. Finally, discovering the source of the trouble, the engineer went for his gun and Black Jack for the rear of a nearby saloon.

The first murder laid to Sam and Tom Ketchum was that of Levi Herzstein in 1891. Levi, with Morris Herzstein, ran a post office and store at Liberty, near Tucumcari, N. M. It was robbed one night. Suspecting passing cowpunchers, Levi with three Mexicans as a posse took the trail the next morning. Surprising the Ketchum boys along the banks of a tributary of the Canadian River, Levi and one of the Mexicans covered them with their rifles. Tom shouted not to shoot, that they would surrender. He then whispered to his brother that when the posse got close, to step to the horse's head, duck under his neck, and come up shooting. They did. Herzstein fell to the ground dead, and the Mexican critically wounded. The other two Mexicans fled and the Ketchums escaped.

Then, getting their men together, they drifted to Wyoming, where they held up a train near Wilcox. They got over $100,000 in currency and over fifty per cent of it was unsigned money.

After this train holdup, Harvey Logan, one of Black Jack's men, went to St. Louis, Missouri. He had got into an argument with Black Jack and had left the gang. While in St. Louis he dropped into a saloon and billiard hall where he killed a man in a gun fight. He ran out and stopped a team and made the teamster get off the wagon. He took charge of the team and started them in a dead run. He went to turn a corner and upset the wagon. Then, getting a saddle horse, he made his escape. Close to $1,000 of the unsigned money was picked up where he had turned the wagon over. Both horses were so badly injured that they had to be killed.

The next heard of Logan was in Knoxville, Tennessee. He had been arrested on some minor charge and was in jail. William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody's Wild West Show had been playing the town and it was their last day there. He managed to get hold of a wire some way and roped the jailer, got his keys, locked the jailer in *his* cell, armed himself with a six-shooter and escaped. (Of course, he watched his chance and caught the jailer alone.)

Then he made his way to the show train, and it is believed that some of the rough riders and cowboy performers (some of them his friends of old range days) had concealed him in the train and got him out of the country, unknown to Buffalo Bill. A few years later he committed suicide, for he knew he was at the end of his rope.

BLACK JACK and his gang used to come over from the Baldy, New Mexico, hide-out, to Catskill, Colorado, above Trinidad, in the southern part of the state, at different times prior to train and other robberies. As they never committed any crimes or holdups around that part of the country, the Las Animas county sheriff and his deputies didn't know much about them, only hearing there was such a gang of outlaws roaming the country, and of course, they were on the lookout for them.

One day Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum and one of his men rode down to a saloon close to Sopris, a little town west of Trinidad, which was run by a man by the name of Angelo Carley. (By the way, he was a deputy sheriff.) They tied their saddle horses and two other horses, unsaddled, to the hitching rack and entered the saloon.

There was quite a crowd in the saloon at the time these outlaws walked in. They scanned the faces of the crowd and then walked up to the bar and said to Mr. Carley, "Have you got a dice box? We will shake the dice for the drinks." He said, "Yes." So they shook and beat him. They drank their drinks, then they said, "We'll shake again," and had started to shake for another round when a Mexican rancher ran into the saloon and said, "Mr. Carley, you're a deputy sheriff, aren't you? I want you to arrest these two men. They have stolen my horses. They are tied at the hitching rack with theirs out front."

Mr. Carley said to the two men, "Give me the dice box. The game is over. Boys, you will have to consider yourselves under arrest." He hadn't got the last words out of his mouth when Black Jack shot and killed him. They telegraphed in to the sheriff's office in Trinidad, and deputies George W. Titsworth and Louis Kreeger went out there.

Everybody was excited, but they got the description of the men. Eye witnesses to the murder described both men as tall; one was smooth-shaved, and the one that did the shooting had a black beard and mustache. Both wore dark-blue flannel shirts and white hats. The smooth-shaved man wore light-colored corduroys and chaps; the bearded man wore blue denim trousers and both had six-shooters buckled on and Winchesters on their saddles. In the next few days the sheriff and his deputies arrested several suspects and brought them before the eye witnesses to the murder, but none were identified. (When the photographs of Black Jack after his capture had been taken by deputy sheriff George W. Titsworth in the San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad and were published, he was identified as the man who had killed deputy sheriff Angelo Carley.)

Some time after the murder of Carley, Black Jack and his men rode into Castle Gate, Utah, beyond Green River. (Castle Gate was a coal mining camp.) They robbed the payroll there of $25,000 in gold and escaped. When they returned to the New Mexico country, they used gold nearly altogether. They spent money pretty liberally and made friends wherever they went.

MANY years after this gang of outlaws was broken up, captured, driven from the country or executed, some old-timers came through and told something about them that they wouldn't tell at that time. Among them was Mr. G. W. Moore, who ran a saloon in Elizabethtown, New Mexico. His father had built the first log house there and the town was named after his sister.

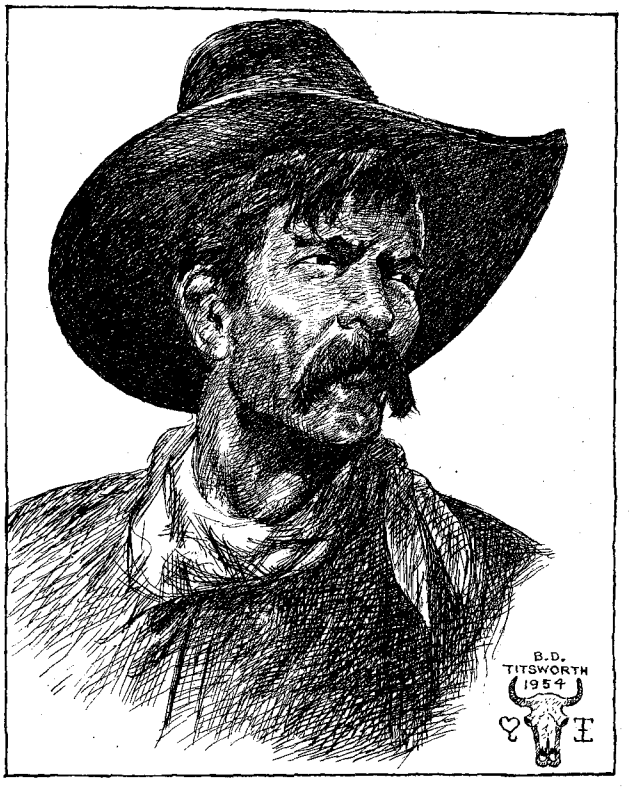
Just prior to their first train robbery and the pitched battle in Turkey Creek Canyon with the sheriff's posse, the outlaws used to drop, always at night, into Moore's saloon in Elizabethtown. The first time they came there were four or five of them. They tied their horses to the hitching rack and entered. They looked around at the men in the building, and then walked up to the bar. Mr. Moore said he thought they looked pretty dangerous and they were strangers to him, so he invited them up to the bar to have a drink.

They had their drinks, then Black Jack looked around and called everyone in the house up to have a drink. "Come on, boys, and have a drink on us," he said, and threw a hundred-dollar bill on the bar. Mr. Moore said, "That's more money than I have in the saloon. I can't change it for you."

Black Jack said, "If you have a room where we can play poker, we will change it for you before morning." Moore said he had a room they could use. There were a lot of poker players sitting around in the saloon and the outlaw leader invited them all to sit in the game and take a hand. He said it would be a nice honest game.

There were some men sitting around that were about as tough as the outlaws. There was Ed Burnett, Clem Mumfried (a killer), Bob Clayton, Shorty Williams, and a cowpuncher whose name is not recalled.

Irving (Black Bob) McManus, a member of Black Jack Ketchum's Hole-in-the-Wall Gang.



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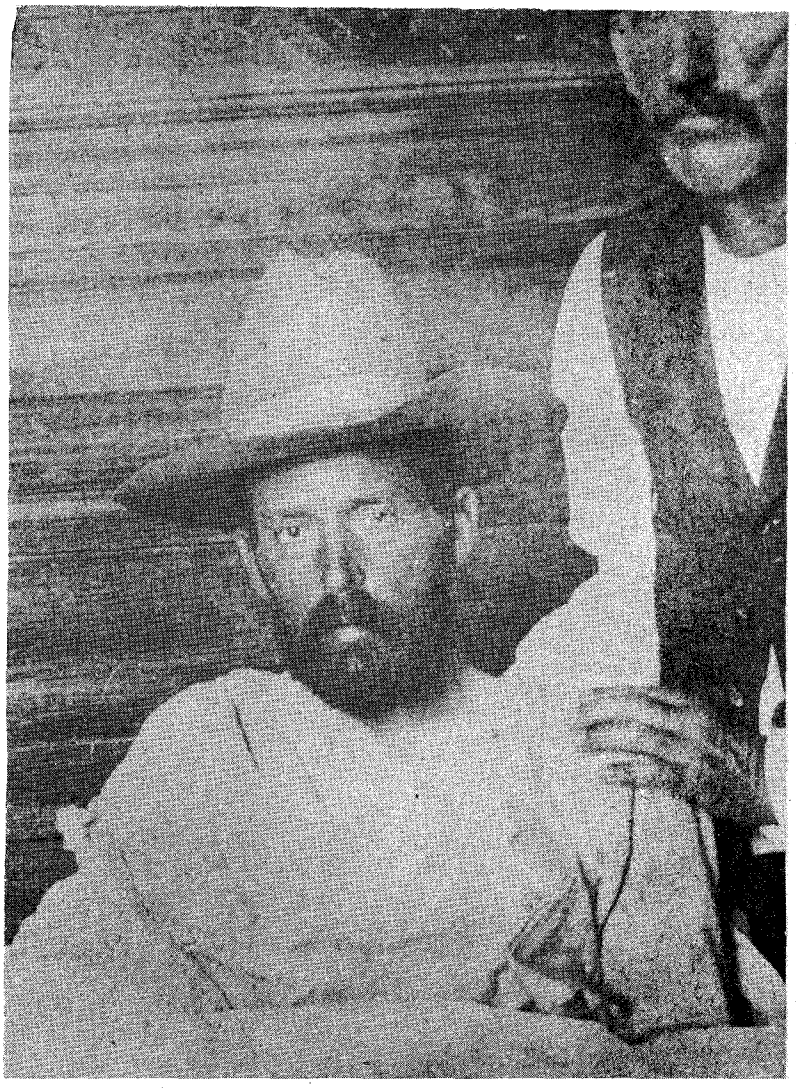

Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, original leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang. Photo taken by Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth in San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colorado, after Black Jack's capture.

Black Bob McManus, one of the outlaws, was not a poker player. He stood guard while the rest played all night. He was one of the most mysterious men of the gang. He never had very much to say and was pleasant enough but dangerous-looking. He was rated as an expert shot with either Winchester or six-shooter.

After they had played poker for some time, Black Jack sent one of the men out to a nearby hotel to bring back something for all of them to eat. He paid for all the food for each man. They made new acquaintances and friends, and the next morning about daylight the game broke up and the outlaws left. They didn't like to be caught around in daytime. The proceeds of the game and bar was well over two hundred dollars.

They continued to drop in every night for some time, but Black Jack finally didn't show up any more at the poker games in Mr. Moore's saloon, and just prior to their first C & S train robbery on the night of July 16th, 1897, none of them came to Elizabethtown.

Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum related at a later date to deputy sheriff Titsworth (who guarded him at night after he had been badly wounded and captured) the movements of himself and his gang on that July night. He said after they had made their plans, selected the spot a few miles from Folsom, New Mexico, hobbled their pack and saddle horses, and got everything in readiness, he walked into Folsom, hid and waited for the train.

Following is the engineer's story of that eventful night of July 16th, 1897:

ENGINEER TUBBS TELLS HOW IT HAPPENED—from an old newspaper clipping:

"Those train robbers were not such bad fellows," said Engineer Tubbs this morning. He had just returned from Texline after being out thirty-six hours without a wink of sleep. To a number of friends who were congratulating him on getting off with nothing worse than a bad fright, he said:

"We left Folsom on time and were just getting up a little speed when I heard someone command fireman Howard to throw up his hands. Looking around, I was startled to see a man in the gangway covering him with a six-shooter. I thought the man a drunken tramp who was trying to run a 'Sandy' on us. The engine was rocking some and as the fellow was trying to steady himself, I thought him intoxicated. I did not know but that he might shoot, so I was preparing to stop the train. I intended to fall out the window after bringing the engine to a standstill.

"About that time I felt a cold piece of steel pressing against my head. 'Hands up!' the old familiar dime-novel cry rang out at the same instant and you can rest assured that they went up. Our new acquaintance told us to obey commands and, by way of emphasis, jabbed us in the ribs with his six-shooter. I was ordered to run slowly to a place where a number of horses were standing and a small fire burning.

"Arriving there, the fireman and I were marched around to the express car and used as breast-works to protect the robbers in case the messenger should do a little shooting. Messenger Scott would not admit us until a shower of bullets had been rained into the car.

"Had I not yelled to Scott that the fireman and I were at the door, Howard would doubtless have been perforated as the messenger had a bead on him, so he afterward said. Two attempts were made to blow up the safe, the second proving a success. The roof of the car was almost completely blown off, the safe was blown straight up and fell back in the car. Money and mail was strewn all over the inside of the express car. It required some time to complete the job, after which the robbers got a box of pears out of the car and told us to help ourselves. They also asked us to join them in a drink of whiskey, they having a large flask. I declined to drink to their health, and they replied that it made no difference.

"The business and social part of the hold-up being over, Mr. Howard and Mr. Scott and I were ordered to mount the engine and pull out. We complied, and as the train started, the robbers mounted their horses and galloped off, yelling and shooting in the air. I stopped the train after going a few miles. The top of the express car was dragging and we chopped it off. Then we proceeded on south, a badly frightened crowd.

"It makes the cold chills run up and down my spinal column when I think of it.

"They were ten outlaws, all having the appearance of cowboys, Mr. Tubbs says. The leader wore a mustache and beard. Some had mustaches and a few of the others were smooth-shaved. This is the engineer's first experience with train robbers, and he is not anxious to come in contact with any more New Mexico Turpins."

Three thousand five hundred dollars in greenbacks and silver were taken by the robbers in this holdup of the C & S, or "Texas Flyer," as it was known. It took place about sixty miles from Trinidad, Colorado, at Twin Mountains near Folsom, N. M., on the night of July 16th, 1897. This holdup was the first train robbery the Hole-in-the-Wall outlaws had committed in New Mexico. A posse of sixteen well-armed men took up the trail early on the morning of July 17th, 1897. It was said the outlaws left in the direction of Springer, N. M.

DEPUTY SHERIFF GEORGE W. TITSWORTH tells about the pursuit of the outlaws, beginning July 17th, 1897:

"I was called by the Sheriff to get my horse and be down at the C & S Depot in Trinidad, Colorado, just as quick as I could. I was the first man there, but it wasn't long until the rest of the possemen arrived with their horses and were ready to lead them.

"The train consisted of a fast passenger engine, stock car and Superintendent Webb's private dining car. (Mr. Webb was Superintendent of the C & S.)

"There were sixteen of us. We had breakfast in Mr. Webb's car while en route to the robbery scene. When we arrived there a short time later that morning, our train stopped in a cut and we threw out a gangplank and led our horses out of the stock car. Then we went to the spot and began examining the ground and horse tracks. We found where a small fire had been, and a spot where twelve horses had stood hobbled. The robbers were evidently in an awful big hurry to get away, for they cut the rope hobbles instead of untying them.

"We followed their trail until it struck the mountainous country. There the grass was so thick their horses' feet made no impression whatever. So we scattered out, looking for some sign of their trail. We had trailed them until then, which was late in the evening. There was a big black cloud forming, and I knew we were going to get caught in a bad rain storm.

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"We all got together just before this storm struck. It was the worst rain and electric storm I have ever witnessed. This storm elimininated all signs of the robbers' trail we had been trying to follow.

"We got to a cattle ranch run by a cattleman I knew by the name of Bud Emory at ten o'clock that night. He and his family were greatly alarmed for they thought we were the outlaws. We stayed there that night. He told us about some men he had seen in a canyon about eight miles from his ranch. He said there were about six of them. He gave us the direction and described the canyon they were in. One canyon headed east and ran out, and made a pretty sharp backbone between the head of that canyon and the canyon they were in. He also told us of a cave the men occupied west of there. So we concluded to try and locate them.

"We left his ranch early the morning of July 18th, 1897, and as we got close to this 'hideout,' I rode up on high ground and looked over the valley to see if I could locate anything on the opposite side of the ridge.

"Just then I heard a shot and called the boys' attention to it. They were all riding in a bunch and their horses were making so much noise they hadn't heard it. They asked me what direction, and I told them right over west of us. It was a warning signal fired by a lookout. We dismounted, and got our horses in a safe place in case of a gun battle. Then after we had spotted a picket house, some of the possemen began working their way around toward it. The rest of us were ready to open fire if the advancing possemen were fired upon.

"Finally the possemen cornered the men and disarmed them and then signaled to us. We got all the horses and went over where they were holding the captives. We didn't think these men were any of the train robbers we were after. There were seven of them, counting their lookout man who was captured later.

"There was a deputy sheriff from Union County, New Mexico, by the name of John Jones with us. He said to me, 'Suppose some of our men get these men their horses and saddle them up and take them on in to Folsom, N. M., and some of us will look around and see what we can find.' So, some of our men went on to Folsom with the prisoners, and we went to searching the hideout. We found a little of everything—Winchester scabbards, cartridge belts, six-shooters, harnesses and so on, but no money. So we gave up the search and followed the other men with the prisoners into Folsom.

"We got in there late in the evening. There we met the captain of the Texas Rangers of Amarillo, whose name was John L. Sullivan. He was a terror to outlaws. He said, 'These men look like the type.' We turned them over to the Sheriff of Union County, N. M., and he took them on the train to Clayton and put them in jail. We afterward learned they were cattle rustlers. So that ended the pursuit of the first train robbers, although we continued to run down every clue or tip.

"I was told that along in the early part of July, 1898, Butch Cassidy took some of Black Jack's men and went to Wyoming. Later we received an account of the holdup of the Union Pacific Flyer near Table Rock Wyoming."

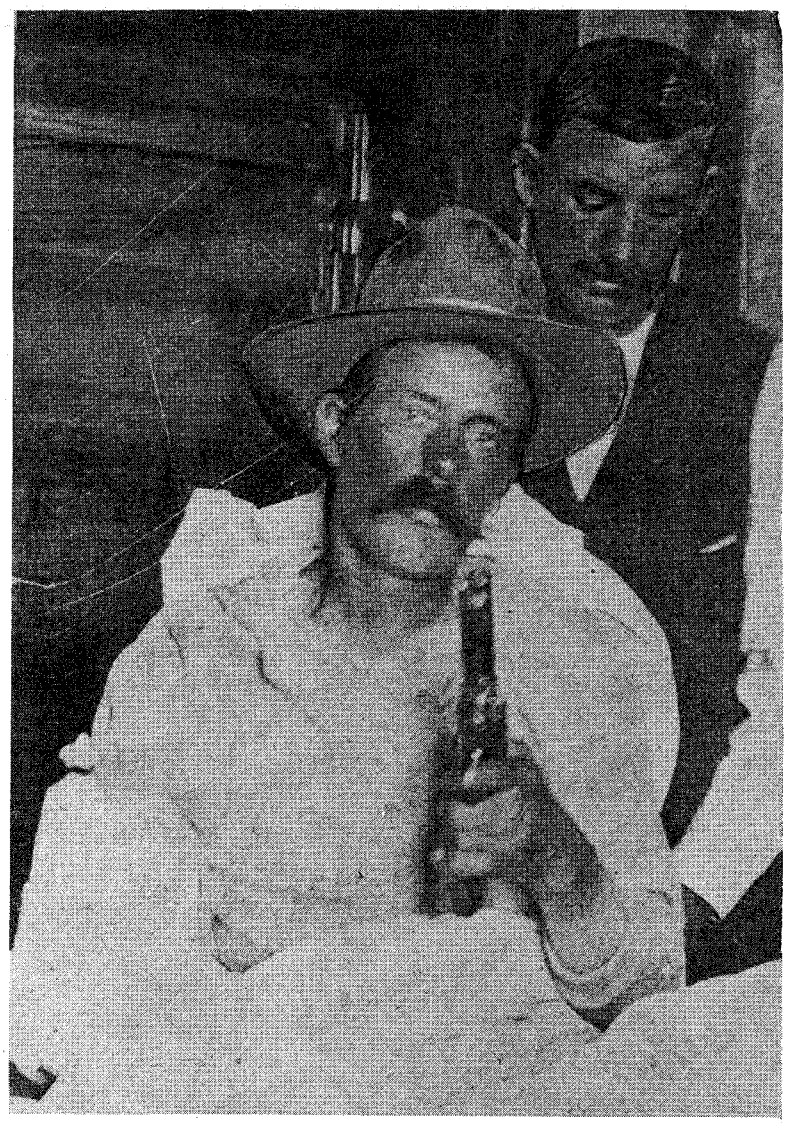
(From an old news dispatch)

Believed to have secured $100,000

"CHEYENNE, WYOMING, August, 31st, 1898. The chase after the four desperadoes who dynamited and robbed the Union Pacific Flyer near Table Rock in the Red Desert Wednesday night is still on and the robbers have not been overtaken. A courier has just reached the railroad from the south with the report that the trail of the robbers has been followed with considerable difficulty owing to certain methods employed by the outlaws to shake off their pursuers. A number of streams were crossed, and in these the robbers waded their horses until they came to a ledge of rocks, when their mounts would be urged along over the ledges for several miles, leaving no trail whatever.

"There are now four posses in the chase, the manhunters numbering in the aggregate over one hundred men. All are well armed and are mounted on splendid horses, while the majority of the men have traversed the country many times and know every foot of the ground. The trail leads south in the direction of Bitter Creek Mountains, and if the present course is pursued, it will go through what is known as Hay Stacks, a rough broken country with many natural hiding places.

"Unless the robbers know the country, they will be at a great disadvantage, as the only water obtainable is in water holes, a majority of the creeks having dried up. It is presumed, however, that the outlaws are well acquainted with the country because of the fact of their selecting Table Rock for the scene of the holdup and because of its closeness to the mountains. Certain acts of the outlaws also lead to the belief that they are members of the Butch Cassidy gang, in which event they know the mountainous country now being traversed even better than the oldest frontiersman and scout in the pursuing posses.



Another photo of Black Jack Ketchum taken by Deputy Titsworth. The outlaw submitted to a shave, but clung to his handle-bar mustache.

"As there are innumerable places in the mountains admirably adapted for an ambush, it is feared should the robbers be hard pressed, they will set an ambush for the posses. If the outlaws are overtaken, a battle will surely be fought. Both parties being armed with Winchesters and six-shooters, there will doubtless be bloodshed.

"OFFICIALS of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Pacific Express Company are scouring the country for bloodhounds, which will be used in case the outlaws succeed in eluding the posses. A number of Pinkertons have been sent to the scene of the holdup from Denver and Omaha, and these will join in the chase.

"As the courier who reached the railroad from the south this noon left the posses late last night, additional advises from the chase are expected at any moment. Just what the news will be, time alone will tell. A report is current here that the train robbers secured upwards of $100,000 in currency which was being sent to the U. S. soldiers in Manila and China.

"It develops that when express messenger Woodcock, who was the man in charge of the express car dynamited and robbed at Wilcox, Wyoming, some time back, heard the sound of voices outside the car after the train had been stopped, he divined the cause of the stop and immediately tossed one package of currency containing $600 in a telescope, but before he could get to the large amount, the robbers reached the door and ordered him out. It is believed the outlaws are headed for the Hole-in-the-Wall hideout in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming.

"These men were not captured until years afterward. Black Jack Ketchum and his men have been hunted for years. The gang achieved its first notoriety in August 1886,

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when it robbed a store and killed a man near Kingman, Arizona. Since then, railroad trains, banks, stores and stagecoaches have been robbed in a sensational manner.

"The bank of Nogales, Arizona, was held up; then the teller began shooting and the robbers were foiled. They took to the mountains and escaped. More than a dozen men have been killed and better than $200,000 has been secured by the gang. Three times the Colorado and Southern Flyer has been held up and once the Santa Fe California Limited."

$10,000 reward was offered for the body, dead or alive, of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, the notorious outlaw leader. Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming and Montana each offered $5,000 reward, in addition to the rewards put up by the Wells Fargo Express Company and the Colorado & Southern Railroad for the body, dead or alive, of any of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum's men. Photographs of a number of his men were in the hands of United States marshals, deputy sheriffs, and sheriffs of the districts in which the bold robberies and other offenses had been committed, but as the outlaws seldom entered a town, their recognition and arrest was difficult.

Shortly after Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum formed his full gang, they were driven out of Arizona and sought refuge in the mountains of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. They made a raid on a small Mormon settlement and were pursued by a posse of Mormon colonists and a small force of *rurales*. The robbers were overtaken and a fight took place, resulting in the killing of three members of the gang. It was reported at the time that one of the men killed was Tom Ketchum, the leader of the outlaws, but this statement was disputed by authorities.

Then the gang returned to Arizona, where they got into an argument over the division of money taken in a holdup at Jerome, Arizona, and Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum's men left him. The gang, then led by Sam Ketchum (Black Jack's brother), crossed over into New Mexico.

ON the night of July 16th, 1899, the Colorado and Southern Flyer, after it had left Folsom, was robbed a second time. The outlaws got a large amount of money and loot. Then they fled for the rough mountain country on their fast horses, pursued by a large posse of sheriffs, deputies and cowpunchers.

(Old newspaper accounts follow)

The Posse of Deputies Lose the Trail

JULY 17TH, 1899. ASSOCIATED PRESS—The Possemen headed by W. H. Reno, Chief of the Special Service Department of the Colorado & Southern Railway, with Sheriff Ed. Farr of Walsenburg, Huerfano County, Colorado, Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth, of Trinidad, Las Animas County, Colorado, and a number of other sheriffs, deputies and appointed deputies have lost the trail of the fleeing robbers of the Colorado & Southern Fast Flyer, after following it for twenty-five miles south-west of Folsom, N. M., where it was completely obliterated by the heavy rain, and upon return to Folsom information was furnished by an ex-member of the gang, which was considered of sufficient importance to act upon.

* * * * *

Pitched Battle With Bandits
Posse Runs Across Train Robbers in Turkey Creek Canyon
A Bloody Fight Takes Place
Latest Account of the Battle
Details of the Desperate Encounter Between Sheriff's Posse and "Hole-in-the-Wall" Outlaws
Outlaws Used Explosive Bullets and Smokeless Powder with Terrible Effect—Sheriff Ed. Farr's Body Brought to Trinidad —Outlaws Escape

ASSOCIATED PRESS. SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 18th, 1899—The fight with train robbers in Turkey Creek Canyon Sunday evening was one of the most desperate that has ever taken place in New Mexico, famed as it is for encounters with desperate men. It was in the nature of a duel in the rain and semi-darkness, the pursuing posse having come upon the outlaws just about nightfall.

Outlaws Were Fortified in Turkey Creek Canyon

The attacking posse of officers came upon the outlaws about 5 o'clock in Turkey Creek Canyon, Colfax Co., N. M., 35 miles from Railway. The outlaws were about to go into camp, having chosen a well fortified place, and refused to surrender at the demand of the officers. The possemen dismounted, and sought the shelter of trees, Sheriff Ed. Farr, Reno, Love, and Smith going to the left of the other deputies perhaps one hundred yards. Firing was at once opened on both sides. About one hundred shots were exchanged, the outlaws having the advantage of being provided with smokeless powder, which made it difficult to locate them in the gathering gloom and the downpour of rain. They also used explosive bullets.

One Outlaw was a Dead Shot

Most of the execution on the part of the robbers was done by one of the outlaws, who appeared to be a dead shot. Every time he fired, the bullet either found its mark or came uncomfortably close to one of the attacking possemen.

Almost at the first fire from the outlaws, Sheriff Ed. Farr received a bullet through the wrist. He coolly wrapped his handkerchief about the wound and resumed firing. Then he received a shot in the body near the heart. Falling across the body of Smith, who had been wounded in the leg, Sheriff Farr expired in a short time. Deputy Sheriff Love was shot in the thigh with an explosive bullet, shattering the bone badly and making a bad wound that necessitated amputation.

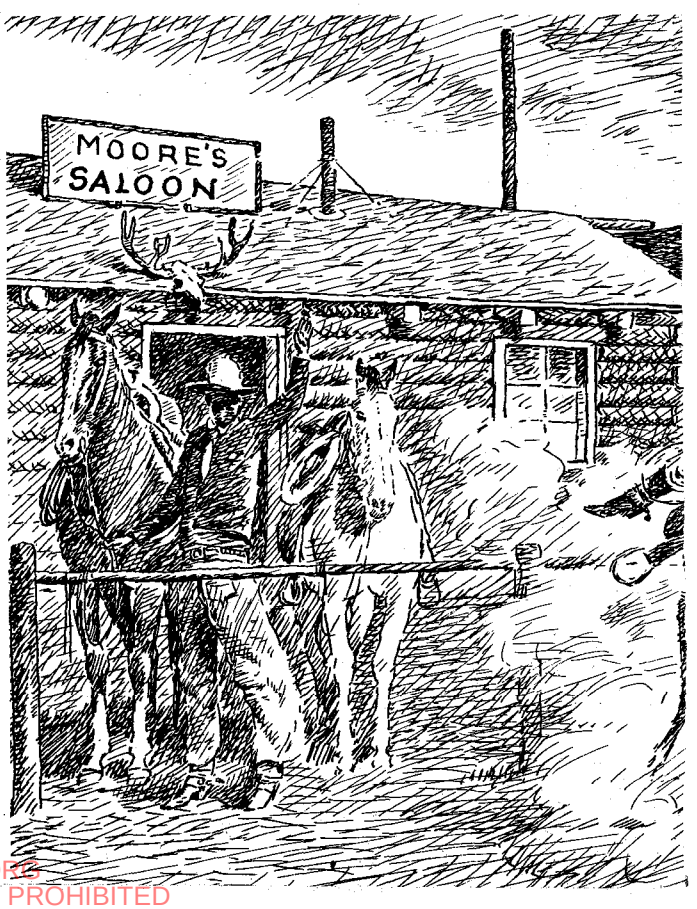
The outlaw expert shot then singled out Officer Reno as a victim. He received a slight wound in the side and his coat had several bullet holes through it. One of the outlaws was seen to fall but his body was not found. By this time it was quite dark and raining hard, and the firing ceased.

RENO went over to the men and discovered that Sheriff Farr was dead. Smith asked him to lift the dead sheriff's body off of him as he was nearly crushed. This officer Reno did and then, with the help of the other men of the posse, they lashed the body of Sheriff Ed. Farr on the back of one of their horses and in company with a few of the possemen started for Cimarron, eleven miles distant. The party with the body of the dead sheriff did not reach Cimarron until late next morning, so intense was the darkness and so severe the rainstorm. It rained hard and it was a miserable all-night trip.

The other deputies camped at the scene of the battle and the next day brought the two wounded men on into Cimarron. When daylight came, the outlaws were nowhere to be seen. They had escaped, taking their wounded with them.

On the battle ground the possemen found some of their bedding rolled up in tarps. Bloody splotches covered the ground. They found a bloody hat and slicker, the tree of a pack saddle, some provisions, frying pans and a large coffee pot. The ground was littered with empty .30-40 cartridge cases, and at the far end of the battle ground lay a dead saddle horse with the saddle still on. A Winchester scabbard and rope were on the saddle. There were about forty pounds of dynamite in a box nearby.

Sam Ketchum (Black Jack's brother) who was the leader of the outlaws in this battle, and Billy Carver both received wounds which later caused their death. McGinnis, one of the outlaws, was wounded four times but survived.



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Sheriff Ed. Farr was born in Kerrville, Texas. He came to Colorado and settled in Huerfano County in 1891, and in 1895 he was married. He and his brother (Jeff) were engaged in the cattle business. In 1897 he was elected sheriff of Huerfano County, and at the expiration of his term he was re-elected. His reputation in his line of business was such that on many occasions he was called upon by detectives and railroads to assist in just such work as that in which he lost his life. He was brave and generous to a fault. He will be buried by Walsenburg Camp No. 174, Woodmen of the World. He was 35 years old at the time of death.

ASSOCIATED PRESS. LAS VEGAS, N. M., JULY 19TH, 1899—Up to a late hour last night no further news was received at Springer concerning the band of robbers. The entire community has been aroused by the battle with the train robbers Sunday evening, July 18th, 1899.

The pursuing posse has been swelled to forty well armed men. Superintendent Webb of the Colorado & Southern arrived at Springer on a special train. Superintendent Hurley of the Santa Fe is also on the ground. Captain Thacker, Chief of the Secret Service of the Wells Fargo Co., left Springer by special stage for Cimarron.

Death of H. M. Love, One of the Posse

SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 21, 1899.—(SPECIAL)—H. M. Love, a member of the posse who was wounded during the desperate engagement with train robbers last Sunday night in the mountains near Cimarron, died here this morning from the effects of his injuries.

He received a bad wound in the thigh, the bone being badly shattered. Love had been in the employ of Charles Springer, a cattleman on Ute Creek. He was brought to this place yesterday from Cimarron where he had been cared for since the fight.

SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 21, 1899.—(SPECIAL)—F. H. Smith, the other injured member of the Sheriff's posse, who was wounded in the leg in the pitched battle with the outlaws in Turkey Creek Canyon late Sunday evening, is getting along nicely and may recover.

THE outlaws had hung together for quite a while after the battle. Once their immediate danger seemed over, however, they scattered.

Sam Ketchum, brother of Black Jack, who was the leader of the outlaws, and was wounded in the left arm near the shoulder in the battle, was the first of the robbers captured. Old newspaper accounts follow:

One of the Bandits has been Captured. Sam Ketchum, a brother of the notorious "Black Jack," Taken Last Night

He Sustained a Broken Arm

During the Desperate Engagement with the Posse and Went to the Ranch for Medical Attendance and Food

ASSOCIATED PRESS. LAS VEGAS, N. M., JULY 21, 1899—A Special to the Optic from Springer says: Sam Ketchum was captured last night at Lambert's Ranch on Ute Creek, where he came in for medical attendance and food. His left arm was broken near the shoulder. The prisoner gave his name as Sam Ketchum. He is over six feet tall, stout of build and light complexioned. He has sandy hair and mustache and appears to be about 38 or 40 years of age. Ketchum is wounded in the left arm near the shoulder. While the bone is badly shattered, the wound is not considered dangerous. A physician dressed the wound and the outlaw seems to be resting better.

The cattleman who captured the outlaw is about 60 years old and pretty wiry. His name is McBride, and his story follows:

"The outlaw rode up to my ranch house and asked for food and medical attention. He was weak from the loss of blood and the lack of food. My wife fixed him something to eat and my son kept watch over him. I was hunting some horses that had strayed off, and upon returning to the ranch I found the wounded outlaw. I got the drop on him and disarmed the man, who made slight resistance.

"I sent my son to Cimarron, eight miles distant, for a doctor and to notify the Sheriff. The doctor and sheriff arrived at about the same time. The doctor dressed the outlaw's wounded arm, and we kept him under guard at my ranch that night. The next morning we took the prisoner before a Justice of the Peace at Cimarron and tried him for the killing of Sheriff Farr, resulting in him being bound over. After the trial we started for Springer.

"The prisoner had little to say other than that his men were camped in the canyon west of Cimarron late Sunday evening when the sheriff's posse rode up on them and commenced to fire. At the time he was watering his horse, and about the first shot fired caught him in the left arm. He said that one of his party's horses was killed by the posse. When they escaped after the battle, his men tried to hold him on his horse but he could not stand it long and had to dismount. He told them to leave him and that he would look out for himself."

The prisoner will be taken to the territorial penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M.

Lambert's Ranch, where the wounded outlaw was cap-

Following the all-night poker game at Moore's Saloon, the outlaws mounted their horses at dawn and rode away.

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tured, is located eight miles from Cimarron and three miles from Turkey Creek Canyon, where the battle with the "Hole-in-the-Wall Gang" of outlaws occurred.

McBride Entitled to Big Reward for Capturing Sam Ketchum Singlehanded.

Mr. McBride, the Ute Creek cattleman who has worked hard all his life and barely been able to keep the wolf from the door, will, if given the reward for the capture of Sam Ketchum which he is entitled to, have possession of enough money to keep himself and family in easy circumstances the balance of their lives. There has been a standing reward of $5,000 for the capture of Sam Ketchum for several years. Outside of that amount a number of other rewards for the capture of the hold-ups of the Colorado & Southern train are offered, in all amounting to a large sum.

TRINIDAD, COLORADO, JULY, 1899. Superintendent F. C. Webb of the Colorado and Southern Railroad and Deputies Harry Lewis, W. C. Bent, Hugo Pfalmer, and Lewis Kreeger left on a special at 3 o'clock this afternoon for Springer, N. M., from which place they will join the other posse in the mountains thirty miles distant in pursuit of the outlaws. They were joined here by a large posse from Walsenburg, Colorado. Coroner B. B. Sipe and Dave Farr of Walsenburg, brother of the deceased, accompanied the party to Springer. Mr. Webb and the other two gentlemen will return to Trinidad tonight with the body of Sheriff Ed. Farr, who was killed in the battle in Turkey Creek Canyon with the outlaws.

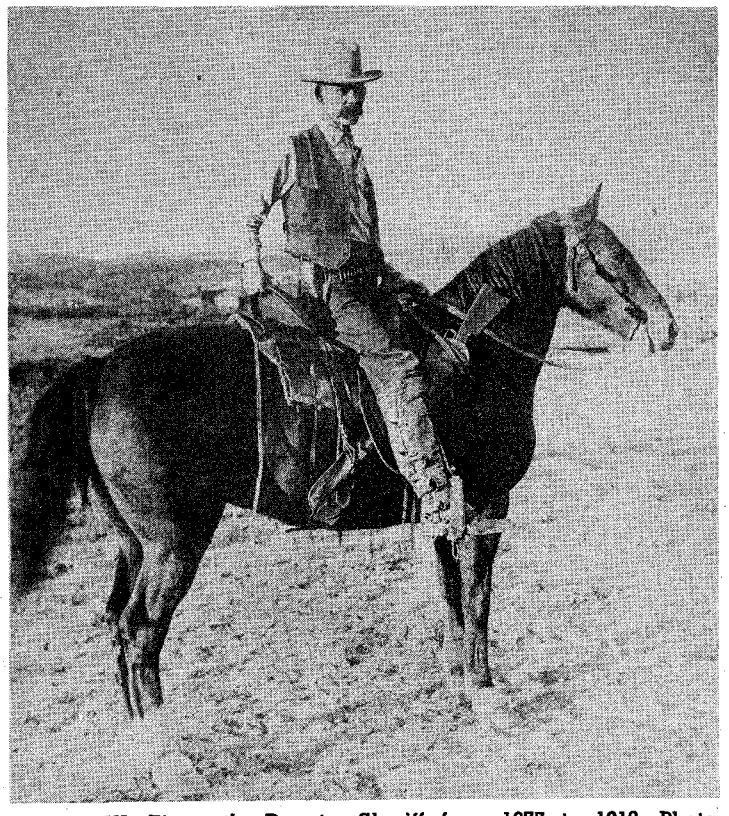
Another one of the Wounded Outlaws Has been Located on a Nearby Cattle Ranch

Death beat the doctor and sheriff's posse to the bedside of Billy Carver, one of the other wounded men of the outlaw gang who was seriously wounded in the gun fight with the posse in Turkey Creek Canyon, late the evening of July 18th, 1899.

(Old News Dispatch Follows):

SAM KETCHUM BEHIND BARS
The Train Robber Says He Told his Men to Leave Him.
Brother of Black Jack
So the Officers Declare.
No Late News of the Posse in Pursuit of the Fleeing "Hole-in-the-Wall" outlaws.

ASSOCIATED PRESS. SANTA FE, N, M., JULY 22, 1899—Sam Ketchum, brother of Tom Ketchum (Black Jack), accused of train robbery, murder and resisting United States officers, is now in the N. M. Territorial Penitentiary here. Ketchum is weak from loss of blood and pain from the wound in his left arm. This forenoon he rested easily, although he said that his arm seemed to weigh 300 pounds.



George W. Titsworth, Deputy Sheriff from 1877 to 1912. Photo taken about 1909.

According to this story, after the fight his men assisted him on his horse several times, but he became faint and had to dismount. Finally he said, "Go on, boys, and leave me." His companions then rode away and Ketchum made his way to the Lambert Ranch house, asking for assistance and where he was arrested by a deputy with but little resistance. Sam Ketchum is a United States prisoner, but may be tried by the Territory. He came to New Mexico from San Angelo, Texas, and, according to U. S. Marshal Foraker, is a desperate character.

Brother of Black Jack

He is a brother of Tom Ketchum (Black Jack), who was the leader of the outlaws and was implicated in the train robbery at Folsom, N. M. two years ago. Tom is 37 years of age, while Sam is about 45. The case is entirely in the hands of U. S. Marshal Foraker, who will be assisted in the case by the Wells Fargo Co. They have also got a posse of 10 men pursuing the outlaws who are fleeing toward the northwest.

Funeral of H. M. Love Held at Springer, N. M.

SPRINGER, N. M., JULY 23RD, 1899.—H. M. Love, who died from gangrene, was buried at Springer and was followed to the grave by a large body of citizens. His parents live in Ill., and a brother somewhere in Kansas. A knife he had in his pocket, which he had been using to skin cattle that had died on the Springer Ranch with blackleg, was struck by the outlaw's bullet, shattering the knife and driving the poison blades into his thigh. Physicians say that his was a hopeless case, as it was 18 hours after he was shot before medical aid could be obtained.

The Funeral of Sheriff Ed. Farr

TRINIDAD, COLORADO, JULY, 1899.—SPECIAL— A special train bearing the body of the late Sheriff Farr of Huerfano County, his relatives and friends, left this city at 9:15 o'clock this morning for Walsenburg, Colo., the home of the deceased, where the funeral occurred this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The train consisted of a baggage car, coach and Superintendent F. C. Webb's private car. The engine and baggage car were draped in mourning. Mr. Webb and the funeral party occupied his car, while the other cars were well filled with friends of the deceased. Delegations from the Woodmen and Redmen's Lodges were in the party and will assist the orders at Walsenburg in laying away the remains of their fallen lodge member. Both of the above named orders contributed beautiful floral designs, as did also a number of individual citizens. Sheriff Farr was a warm personal friend of Superintendent Webb, who provided the special train and accompanied the party to Walsenburg, doing everything in his power to honor the dead and to ease the grief of the heart-broken widow and relatives.

Sam Ketchum, brother of "Black Jack" Ketchum, Dies from Wound in Left Arm.

SANTA FE, N. M., JULY 25, 1899.—Sam Ketchum, leader of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang of outlaws in the hold-up of the C & S Flyer and battle in Turkey Creek Canyon, died July 24, 1899, of blood poisoning which had set in his wounded arm near the shoulder. He was a brother of the notorious Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, the original leader of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang. Sam Ketchum has been held in the Territorial Penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M., since his capture.

Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum Returns to New Mexico

Hounded from Arizona because of the slaying of two men, Black Jack returned to New Mexico and resolved to stick-up the C & S Fast Flyer "single-handed." Caching his dynamite and supplies at Twin Mountain, where the other two hold-ups were staged, and tying his horses nearby, Black Jack walked into Folsom, N. M. that night, August 16th, 1899. He boarded the southbound Texas fast mail, as he had done once before. At Twin Mountain the engineer felt a six-shooter jabbed into his ribs and was told to obey orders. Black Jack was in an ugly mood.

THE train jerked to a stop. Passengers were thrown from their seats. Conductor Frank Harrington (later a Houston, Texas, insurance man) realized that for the third time the train of which he was in charge was about to be robbed. With the rear brakeman he went forward. In the baggage car he stumbled over mail clerk Bartlett, writhing on the floor, shot in the jaw by Black Jack.

Black Jack was threatening to kill the engineer and fireman if they did not hurry and uncouple the express car from the rest of the train. In a moment the engineer and fireman changed position. Conductor Harrington had a chance. Swiftly he raised his double-barreled shotgun. The glint of light on the barrel of the gun caught Black Jack's eye. He fired at Conductor Harrington but his shot was a fraction late.

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NEVADA

ONE MAN'S BLIZZARD

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

Things got sort of rocky around this cow camp before that cold spell blew itself out.

BY BILL MILLER

EVERYTHING rugged happened to me in the Nevada blizzard which marked the year of "OPERATION HAYLIFT" out of Elko.

I was feeding three hundred mothering cows in sage and short grass when the sky blacked out. Starting easy-like, the wind blew to a gale in an hour. The straight falling snow suddenly rose a quarter-circle and blew horizontal; and even with the feed wagon downwind from stack, it got impossible to load. I finally turned the stock through the barbed wire corral fence, and let 'em feed in the stack. This gave them a break against the driving wind.

My face began to freeze, and I knew the mercury was low. I pulled the down flaps about my ears; but my protruding nose felt like an icicle. I thought of my wood supply—down to the last couple of juniper chunks. Beans and coffee were at low ebb, with barely enough pancake flour for a couple of breakfasts. The supply jeep was overdue. Chances of its arriving now were zero. Supposing it couldn't make it for a month? What if I couldn't negotiate the four miles to our wood lot for fuel? The cow camp was old and leaky as a sieve. I had intended making some repairs, but had never gotten around to it. In a pinch, I could sleep in the barn and get warmth from Mike and Jerry. They were young and fought a tight rein but were docile enough out of harness.

Back at camp I took stock of grub. Enough for a week at most. I found a reserve bottle of brandy, and swigged a good one. The "shot" stirred my blood and brought vigor. I built a fire in the kitchen and pulled in my bed to conserve wood. Outside, I split my last two chunks and loaded them in the woodbox. Might last two days, I figured. As I brought in the last armful of wood I glanced at the weather glass. The mercury read 20 below!

Holy mackerel! I thought. *By tomorrow morning it will drop to 40!*

I made a supper of pancakes and bacon. The kitchen was warm with cookstove heat. I piled into bed, snug and comfortable, shutting my mind against tomorrow.

Next morning I rolled out before daylight. My lamp oil was out; but I had a can of gasoline—dangerous but effective. The wood took hold, and I soon had coffee and a smidgeon of bacon. From now on I was on a food budget.

Out in the hay corral the cows were undercutting the stack and getting some cover on the lee side. Already a dozen calves lay dead from cold and scours. I dragged them out and let the snow cover again. One old cow was stiff, but I let her lay till I brought the team and chain. When I left the house the glass read 38 below zero—cold enough to freeze anything alive. I ran back to the shack before it caught up with me. I could almost feel the blood congeal in my arteries. The fire was still glowing in the stove and I stoked it again. In a pinch I could drag in some sage butts. I looked at the clock on the stove. It said nine-thirty. There would be daylight time to make the juniper lot. I made a break for the barn, and the trouble started.

JERRY, the off horse, always fought the headstall. I usually gave him time to think it over, then, when he dropped his head, I'd slip it on. Today I was in a rush to get going. I snubbed his head tight to the manger and tried force. No-go with Jerry. One jerk, the rope broke, and I slammed against the rail—bang across the kidneys.

Wood had to be got, so I managed to hook the team to the old work wagon—one of those ancients with a high, diamond spring seat. Halfway to the junipers, we jolted over a snow-covered log and WHAM went the spring seat, rusted through age and exposure. I managed to swing to the wagon bed and curb the team, though the pain in my back nearly killed me. Finally Mike and Jerry smoothed out, and we were making good time when all hell broke loose. Here came a thousand antelope tearing through the rimrock fence. God, I thought—with everything else, I would have to oust the antelope, and make the fence tight.

At the junipers I couldn't find any ready-cut wood; so I felled a dead tree and dragged the limbs aboard. My lame back made a horror of this, but I took the edge off the pain with the help of half a fifth of brandy.

That night my dreams were nightmares. I could hear coyotes howling a deadly chorus. Next morning I knew why. Ten calves were missing on the count, besides eight more frozen alongside the stack.

Driving staples and stretching wire at forty below ain't fun; but I got the job done by dark. My *savina* saddle horse stumbled a hundred times on the sub-snow lava rock and

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WHEN COOPER WRIGHT MET THE MOB

For a sheriff, he wasn't more than cricket-size, but they made a mistake when they thought they could take his prisoner away from him.

BY HERBERT M. TIMMONS

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

COOPER WRIGHT was a West Texas sheriff back in the 70's and 80's. He was a wiry, cricket-sized little man who never weighed more than 135 pounds; but no one who knew him ever doubted that he was law and order while sheriff of Clay County.

He was always called by his full name, Cooper Wright, and he always contended that no sheriff had to let a mob hang his prisoner. He had a little story to tell to prove his contention.

One time I heard him tell that story in the office of Judge Bob Hazelwood in Amarillo. I don't know that it proved anything beyond the fact that Cooper Wright was a tough little sheriff. But I liked the story and the way he told it, and, for that reason, I am repeating it in as nearly his own words as I can remember. The only intentional changes I've made have to do with names. Although the accused in this story was convicted and court records contain his name, to avoid possible embarrassment to his descendants, his and the names of mob members are fictitious.

From here on, this is Cooper Wright's story:

"I never could see any use in an officer letting a mob hang a man, not if he had the guts to be sheriff. I know what I am talking about, too. Guess I'd better go back and clear up a few points though, afore I tell about them trying to hang Joe Jessup.

"First I knew of this Jessup tribe was when they moved into the old haunted house down the Jacksboro road, 'bout a mile from the courthouse in Henrietta. Road to my ranch run right by that house.

"Well, lots of times when Old Joe Jessup come down to the saloon, Jack—that was Kate Jessup's bastard kid—would follow him. Joe would raise hell about the kid tagging along, swear that if Kate ever had another brat he would kill the little son-of-a-bitch right off.

"There was plenty of toughs in Henrietta them days. You see, we was only twelve miles from the Red River border of Indian Territory—they call all that Oklahoma now. Trappers and hunters, outlaws and fugitives too, drifted in from the Wichita and Pease river country, so of course there was always lots of big talking. That is why nobody paid much attention to Joe's brag talk, but still nobody forgot it either.

"Joe was an ornery cuss. Never worked none. Some said he did some trapping up the Wichita and Pease, but he didn't have any money. He was gone nearly all winter that first year; but when summer came, he loafed around the saloons. If anybody yelled "Treats on the house," Joe was always the first one to belly the bar.

"KATE JESSUP was a good-looker. Some of the boys tried to tie her every time she came to the store for beans, sow-belly, or Arbuckle coffee. She seemed to have a little money.

"They never did have any luck that we could see. Anyway, that Jack was always sneaking along, up to some devilment in the store while she was there.

"Ma Jessup was bad crippled up, never did come to town or go nowhere at all. Kate didn't go anywhere either, not to any of the play parties or dances. 'Course all the women knew about Jack, so they didn't visit none with the Jessups. Guess Kate and her ma had it plenty lonesome, but Kate kept that old place looking cleaned up, swept the front yard, and nailed lots of the loose boards on.

"Kate didn't cotton up to any of the fellows in the store, but lots of times though, when I was riding in from my ranch after dark, I'd see a cow pony hitched at the edge of the thicket back of the Jessup house.

"Well, 'long in late fall, folks begun to remember how Joe Jessup was always saying what he would do if—. Plain as the nose on your face, something was going to happen with Kate. Ma Jessup was even cutting the wood. 'Course Joe wasn't around, but someway they managed without Kate's coming down to the store.

"That turned out to be the hardest winter you ever saw. Maybe not as cold as '84, but it turned cold early and stayed cold all winter long.

"One awful cold day, Joe Jessup did come to the store, bought a pound of beans and some coffee. Doc Crews told me the very next morning that it had happened. Said things were in such a fix over there I had better let Ma Hutchins know.

"Ma Hutchins was the good angel of Henrietta. She didn't draw the line anywhere if there was somebody sick or in trouble. If you wanted a fight in Henrietta, just say something bad about Ma Hutchins, only there wasn't anybody would say it.

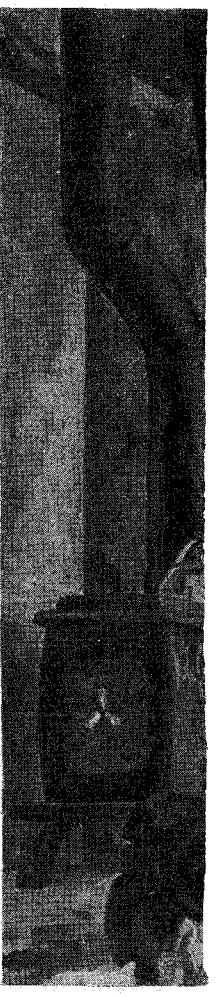
"I loped right over to Ma's home. 'Bout sundown, Mitch Hutchins, that was Ma's husband, come to me in the jail and told me Ma said there wasn't any baby out at the Jessup place. Said Kate had sure enough had one, but it wasn't there.

"Well, I figured I wouldn't gain nothing by bustin' in out there at night. Besides that, I would stir up a sick woman and her old Ma, so I waited till next morning. Then me and all four of my deputies rode out there.

"Joe and his horse was gone; we saw that right straight. I hated like the very devil to bust in there, but a sheriff finds lots of hard things in his job. I told the four deputies to scout around, look for a new grave. Don't know why I said that, when the ground was froze so hard you couldn't stick a pick in it. Pond froze over solid, too.

"THAT was the coldest house I was ever in, even if they had pasted old papers over most of the cracks. Wind had busted through some of them. Wasn't no furniture, just a couple of piled-up beds, a table, and broke-down cook stove. Kate was layin' on a pallet over in one corner, had an old horse blanket for cover.

TEXAS



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"Kate started crying when I told them women I was there to find the baby. Couldn't get her ma to say nothing either, nothing but 'I just don't know, Mr. Wright, I just don't know.'

"I looked all over the house. Never was so dumfuzzled in all my life. There was a stairsteps, almost as steep as a ladder, up to a loft. I climbed up there, kicked through a lot of trash and cobwebs, but never found nothing. I was coming back down when I saw the newspapers pasted under the steps were not as faded as the rest. That was my answer.

"I took my knife and ripped them papers off, opened a kinder trap-like door, and there was the poor little baby girl's dead body. Head all busted in, never even been dressed. God, that made me sick!

"Kate had the blanket pulled up over her head and the old woman was looking out the window when I backed out of that closet with the baby wrapped in some papers I found on the floor. Outside, I motioned to my men to follow, got on my horse with that bundle, and rode out to my ranch to figure out what to do.

"I knew Mrs. Marshall, that lived out on the ranch, would keep mum. Fact is, she got some soft cloth to put in the little coffin we men made out of a box we knocked together. She wrapped that poor little body up nice and smooth-like, too, cried all the time she was workin', but she did what she thought was right.

"We waited until after sundown, when there wouldn't be any folks passing by, to slip over to the graveyard and bury the baby.

"We had to build up a big fire and thaw out the ground to dig a grave. We didn't want it to look like a grave, so we piled big rocks over the place. Plenty good that did, though, the way the grapevine was working. Folks were already suspicious. None of us said nothing, I'd guarantee that, but it got out plenty soon that Kate's baby had disappeared.

"Folks began remembering then all the brag talk Joe Jessup had made. I remembered it, too; had my deputies on the watch all the time.

"Things rocked along. Ma Hutchins said Kate was up and doin' the cookin'—what little there was to cook—but looked something awful. Then, late one evening, one of the deputies rode in to say Joe Jessup was out in the thicket back of the house. Figured he would come in after dark.

"We waited until all the lights was blowed out over town, then we rode out and got Joe Jessup. Locked him up in jail, all good and quiet.

"That's what we thought, but soon after sun-up the next morning, the wagon-yards begun to fill up. Livery stable full of horses with their saddles still on. There wasn't more than 150 voters in the county, but there was over 200 men milling 'round and talking big. That was tax-paying time, too, and I was sure busy. You know, the sheriff had to be tax collector then, and it kept me tied to the office too much. I told my deputies to mix with the crowd and keep a good watch over things. They said there was plenty of drinking, but they didn't hear Joe Jessup's name spoke.

"Well, just after dinner, Clem Browder and Jim Jones dropped in at my office. Clem asked about his taxes, but didn't seem in a big hurry to pay them, so we swapped a few jokes. Rod Moore and Tuck Hill passed out in the hall, and Clem hollered for them to come in. Tuck said he guessed he might as well pay up his taxes, too, while he was in town, so I turned to the tax roll, kept there lying open on the counter. Things started happening then.

"CLEM BROWDER and Jim grabbed my arms from behind. Rod Jones got one leg. I was too quick for Tuck. Give him a kick where it hurt the worst as he grabbed for my other leg. Tuck staggered back and set down in an old hickory chair a prisoner made for me the first year I was sheriff.

"Well, even with Tuck out, Clem and the other got my gun off me, took my pocketknife and—what they were really after—the keys to the jail. They passed everything out to some men in the hall. Then the fellers out there locked me inside my own office with four men to guard me.

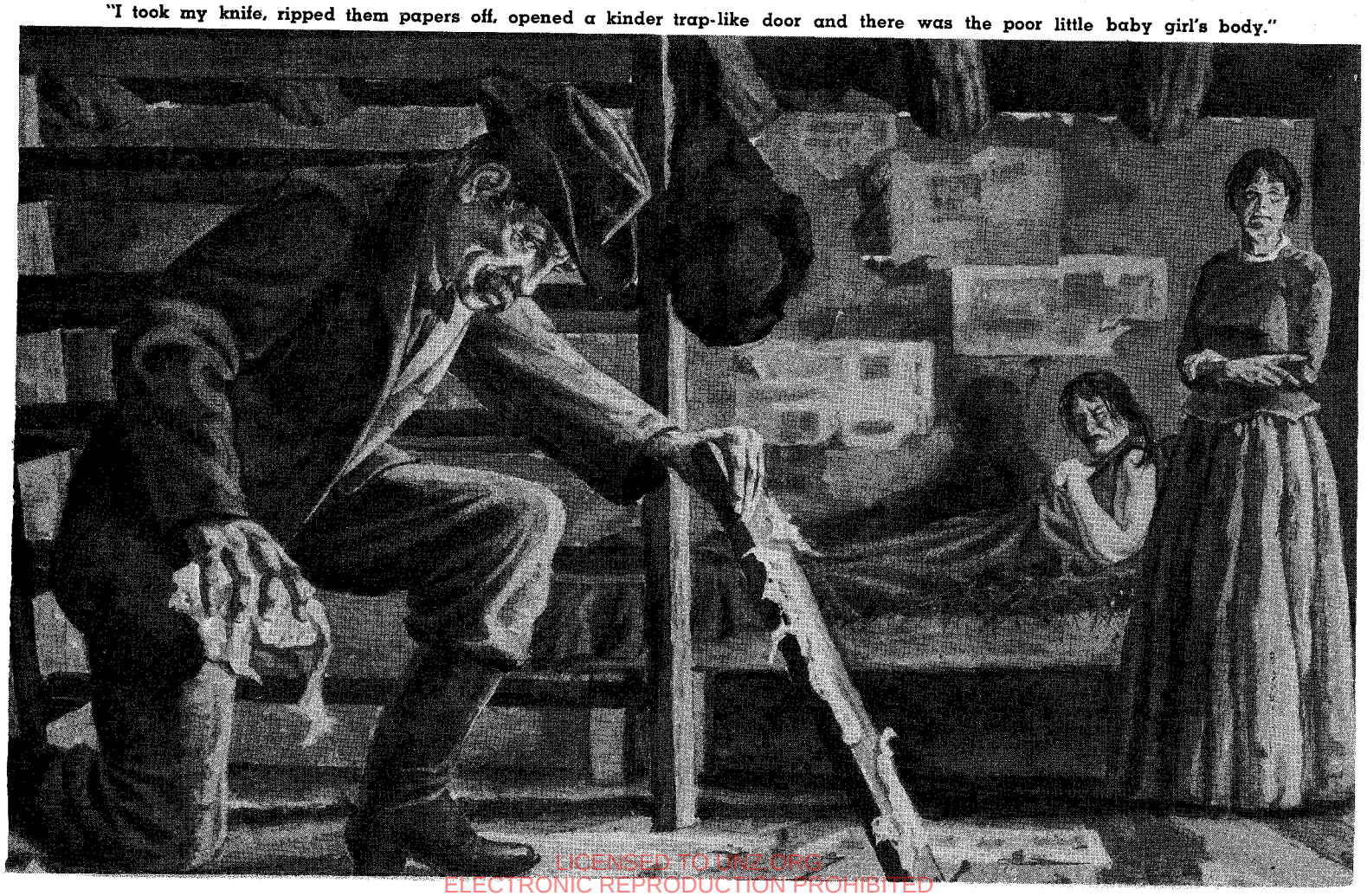
"Everything got quiet then, so the men turned me loose. 'Course it got quiet, the crowd of hyenas was over at the jail, across the square, getting Joe Jessup out and then pulling a long log, not sawed up yet, out of the woodpile.

"I saw right quick that my only chance was to play along with those four in there with me, play 'long and watch my chance. I knew I wasn't whipped, not yet, by a long sight.

"I turned to the tax roll. 'Come on,' I said 'Damn your hides, come on and pay taxes, no need to waste a day.'

(Continued on page 28)

"I took my knife, ripped them papers off, opened a kinder trap-like door and there was the poor little baby girl's body."



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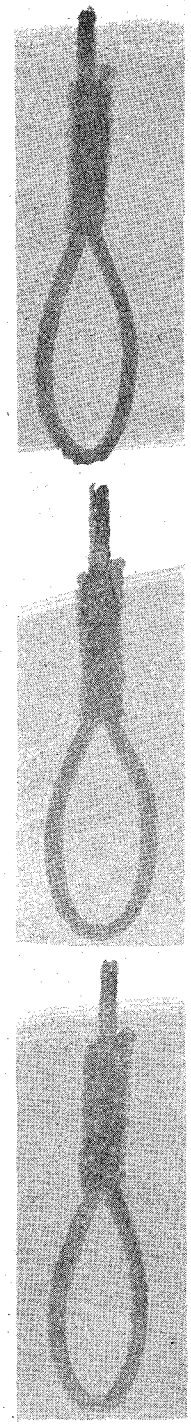


Hanging of 38 SIOUX

BY GEORGE D. WOLFE

On the morning of December 26, 1862, at Mankato, Minnesota, was enacted the largest mass execution in U. S. history—"A scene without parallel, an unforgettable display of justice in action."

IN the late summer of 1862, with the Civil War raging in the East, the Sioux on the Minnesota reservation seized the opportunity to go on the warpath. Under the leadership of chief Little Crow, a wave of carnage spread throughout the entire frontier of Minnesota, Iowa and the Dakotas. Within a week of horror, seven hundred white settlers were killed and over two hundred captured.

General John Pope, with cavalry units, was sent in pursuit of the rampaging Indians. In the several sharp engagements that followed, Little Crow and his warriors were defeated. The chief escaped, to be later shot down by a settler when he attempted to steal a horse to flee to his kinsmen farther West. Of the Sioux survivors, 303 were rounded up and given a prairie War Crimes Trial by a military court. All were found guilty and sentenced to death.

Feeling ran high against the prisoners; they had killed, tortured and maimed men, women and children; burned houses, crops; stolen stock; and laid waste whole settlements. However, President Lincoln selected from the condemned 303, thirty-eight to go to the gallows in expiation of their crimes. These were hanged in a body, on a single scaffold, the day after Christmas, 1862.

Thus the northern frontier's bloodiest uprising ended with the largest single execution in U. S. history.

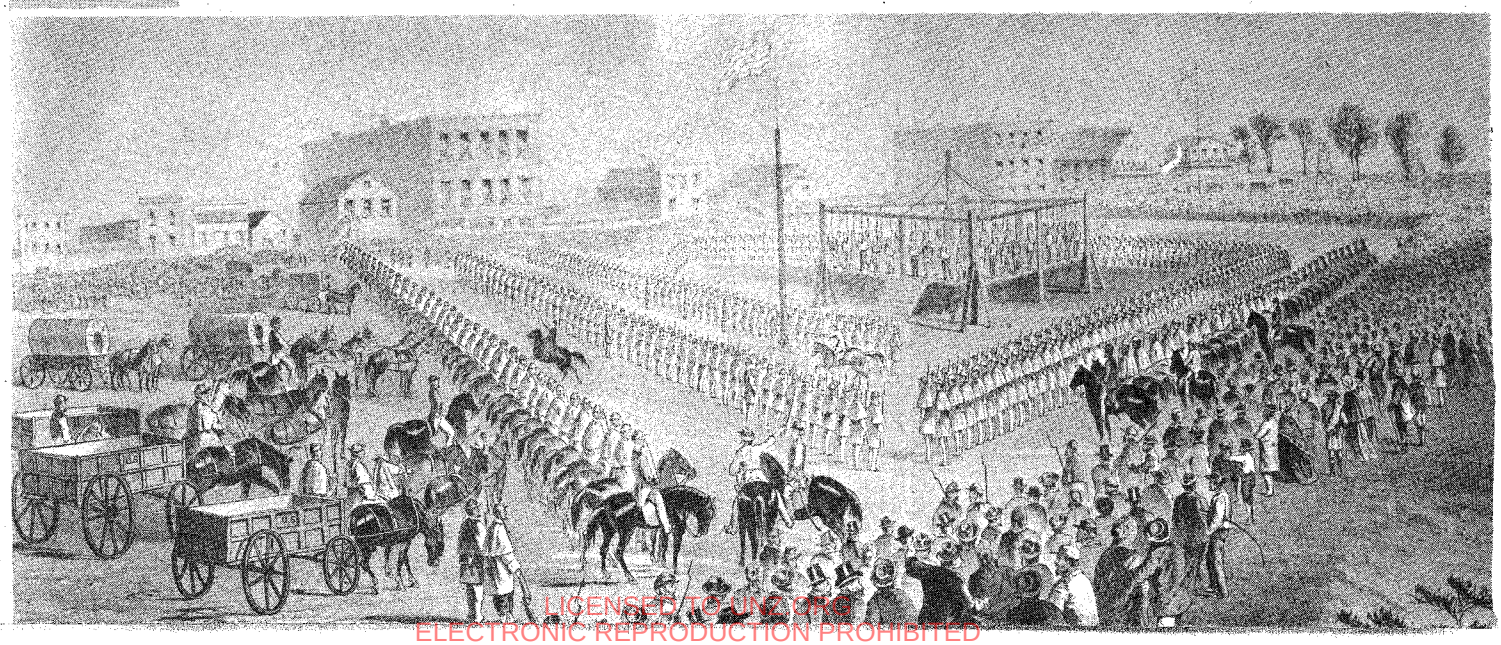
From the yellowed pages of the St. Paul *Pioneer* we are enabled to follow the events of that period as seen and observed by a contemporary reporter:

The execution was set for Friday, December 26th. On Monday, the 23rd, the condemned thirty-eight were placed apart from the others under heavy guard. About two P.M., Colonel Miller, the Commandant, and several staff officers, accompanied by a minister, visited the prisoners and read them the Order for their execution. The minister, a Reverend Riggs, translated into the Dakota tongue. After the reading of the Order, Colonel Miller addressed the prisoners as follows:

"The commanding officer of this place has called to speak to you upon a very serious subject. Your Great Father in Washington, after carefully reading what the witnesses have testified, has come to the conclusion that you have each been guilty of murdering his white children; and for this reason directs that you each be hanged by the neck until you are dead on next Friday at ten o'clock in the forenoon. You will be allowed ministers and spiritual comforters with you constantly during the four days you are yet to live."

THE COLONEL instructed Adjutant Arnold to read the Sioux in English the letter of President Lincoln which confirmed their sentence of death. The Reverend Riggs then read the letter aloud in Sioux. Colonel Miller further instructed the minister to tell the Indians that their sins were so great there was no hope of clemency whatever, and they should make their peace with the Great Spirit.

The occasion was most solemn, affecting the whites deeply. The Indians displayed little emotion. However, they listened intently to the reading of the letter and of the Order, at times giving grunts of approval. Even at the reading of the last part of the Order—consigning them to the gallows—some were seen to give assent with vigorous grunts and



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nodding of the head. Some of the braves smoked their pipes composedly, some glowered, but most of them were entirely unimpressed with the solemnity. One grizzled warrior was engrossed throughout the proceedings in cleaning his pipe.

Later, Colonel Miller issued an order stating that the town would be under strict martial law on the day of execution, and that no liquor was to be sold to an enlisted man on that day, and issued other directives to insure law and order. An immense gallows was erected near the center of town.

On Tuesday evening, the condemned warriors staged a dance in their cells which grew so wild that the guards, fearing it might be a cover for a general break-out, called a halt. The prisoners were then chained in pairs, the chains anchored to ring bolts in the floor. The dance, however, was merely the Sioux death ceremony.

On Thursday, the thirty-eight braves were allowed family visitors—in reality, a farewell visit with their loved ones. Locks of hair, blankets, mementoes—all their worldly possessions were given in trust to relatives and friends. One of the Sioux addressed the visiting group in behalf of the condemned, asking that there be little mourning and to bear themselves with fortitude.

Friday morning, the day of the execution: Father Revoux, a group of officers, and the correspondent for the *Pioneer*, went to the death house. The prisoners were sitting or lying about the floor in pairs, as calmly and comfortably as their chained condition would allow. There was very little conversation between them, though occasionally one would mutter a few words in the Dakota tongue. To have seen them calmly smoking their pipes, a visitor might think they were but pondering some minor tribal matters, and not, in grim reality, just four hours from death.

Father Revoux spoke briefly to them of their condition and fate, tried gently to infuse them with courage to meet death without fear. While the priest was speaking, an old Sioux warrior named Tazoo broke out in a eerie death wail. His mates joined in until the whole prison was filled with a wild, unearthly keening.

Then, almost as suddenly as it had begun, the wailing ceased.

FOR a time the Indians smoked in silence—a silence broken only by the clank of their chains as they moved their feet. Then a Doctor Williamson addressed them in their own language. Before he finished speaking, the Sioux broke out again in their strange chant—wilder, higher, more eerie than before. This was followed by prayers to the Great Spirit, and then again the death dance.

After the death dance, the prisoners were calm. Goodbyes were said, and little gifts exchanged between the doomed braves. Smilingly, with deep feeling, they wished each other a pleasant journey to the Spirit Land—the Land of *Wakon Tonka* where their warrior ancestors awaited their coming with welcoming lodge fires. Then the captives were left alone until the hour of the hanging.

Friday morning, 9 A.M.: Provost Marshal Redfield, with a picked escort and the priest, entered death row for the last religious rites. The chains were struck from the prisoners and their hands bound behind them. As the tall Sioux stood fearlessly facing Marshal Redfield, they made a picture awesome to behold. All were in full battle dress; the chiefs in war-bonnets and shields. In red, yellow, and green paint, the fighting symbols of the Sioux were carefully drawn on each bronze, hawk-like visage, interlaced with death symbols in black. Their hair was braided and oiled, glistening in the half-light like the manes of black ponies fat from the Greasy Grass.

White Dog, a minor chief, protested that being tied like the rest was a mortification. He asked to be untied, that he might go to his death as a chief should—willingly and unfettered. Marshal Redfield denied his request.

The priest gave a kind of benediction, which was not well received by the prisoners. They began a restive muttering. Marshal Redfield whispered to Father Revoux, and the priest spoke to Henry Milford in French. Milford was a half-breed, a civilian guard who spoke Sioux. He talked to the Indians, and as he spoke a remarkable change came over them. They rose as one man, bodies erect and heads held high. They were ready to accept the white man's justice.

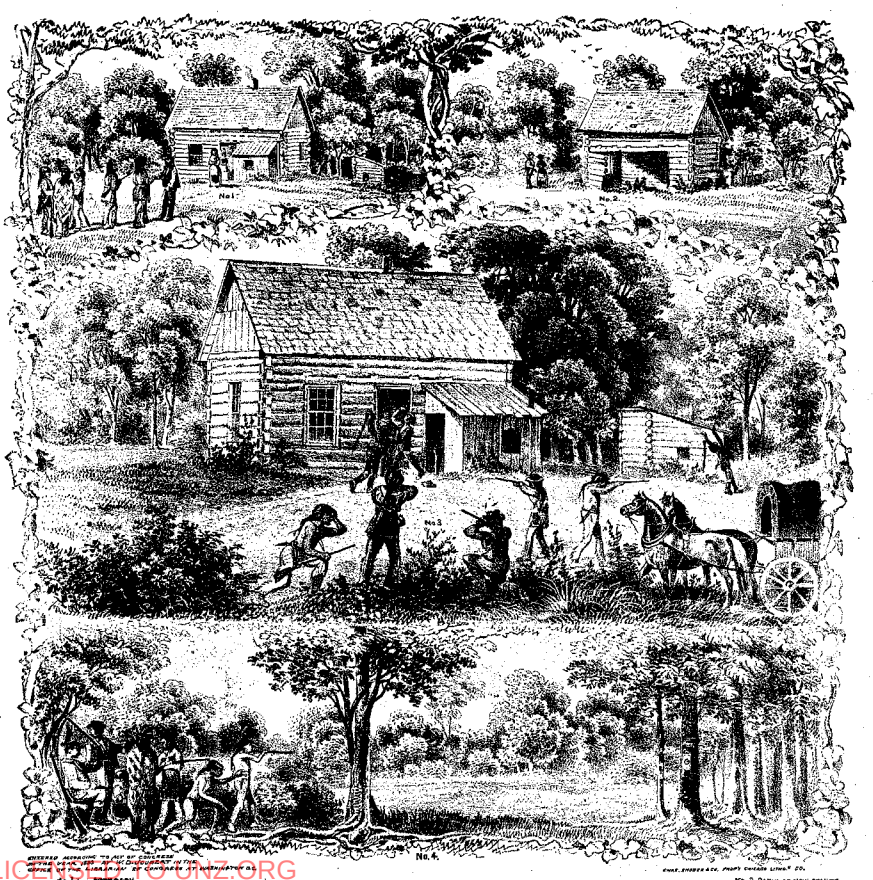
MARSHAL REDFIELD opened the heavy prison doors. The Sioux fell in behind him and began the slow march to the gallows. They would show the white man how Sioux warriors died!

As the column approached the gallows, the warriors again softly sang their death song. The procession reached the foot of the scaffold. The Provost Marshal led the way up the gallows steps, and the Sioux followed rapidly as if it were a race to see which could get up first. The grim proceedings went on smoothly; no warrior showed the slightest sign of weakness or fear. There was a short space of time required to assign each condemned brave to the proper position and to adjust the noose. At this unavoidable delay, a few of the Sioux broke forth in long, keening wails.

Soon, however, the doomed thirty-eight were all in position on the huge scaffold, noose around each neck. One or two warriors, feeling that the noose was drawn too tight, squirmed to loosen it. The nooses were readjusted by the troopers. Redfield noticed that one of the prisoners succeeded in freeing his hands to loosen the noose. He ordered the tied hands of each brave to be inspected for security. This slight delay was a signal for a concerted shouting and swaying by the Indians, a barbarous kind of harmony which trailed off into staccato yelps.

At a signal from Redfield, white caps were dropped over

(Continued on page 37)



Left: Execution of thirty-eight Sioux at Mankato, Minnesota, December 26, 1862.

Right: Woodcut Tableau, depicting stage by stage the murder of the Jones and Baker families on August 17, 1862. Panel 1 shows five Indians approaching the Baker cabin. Panel 2 shows the cabin as it now stands. Panel 3 shows the massacre. Panel 4 is a forest scene titled "The Trial of Guns." The Indians challenged the white men to a target shooting match to throw them offguard before the massacre.

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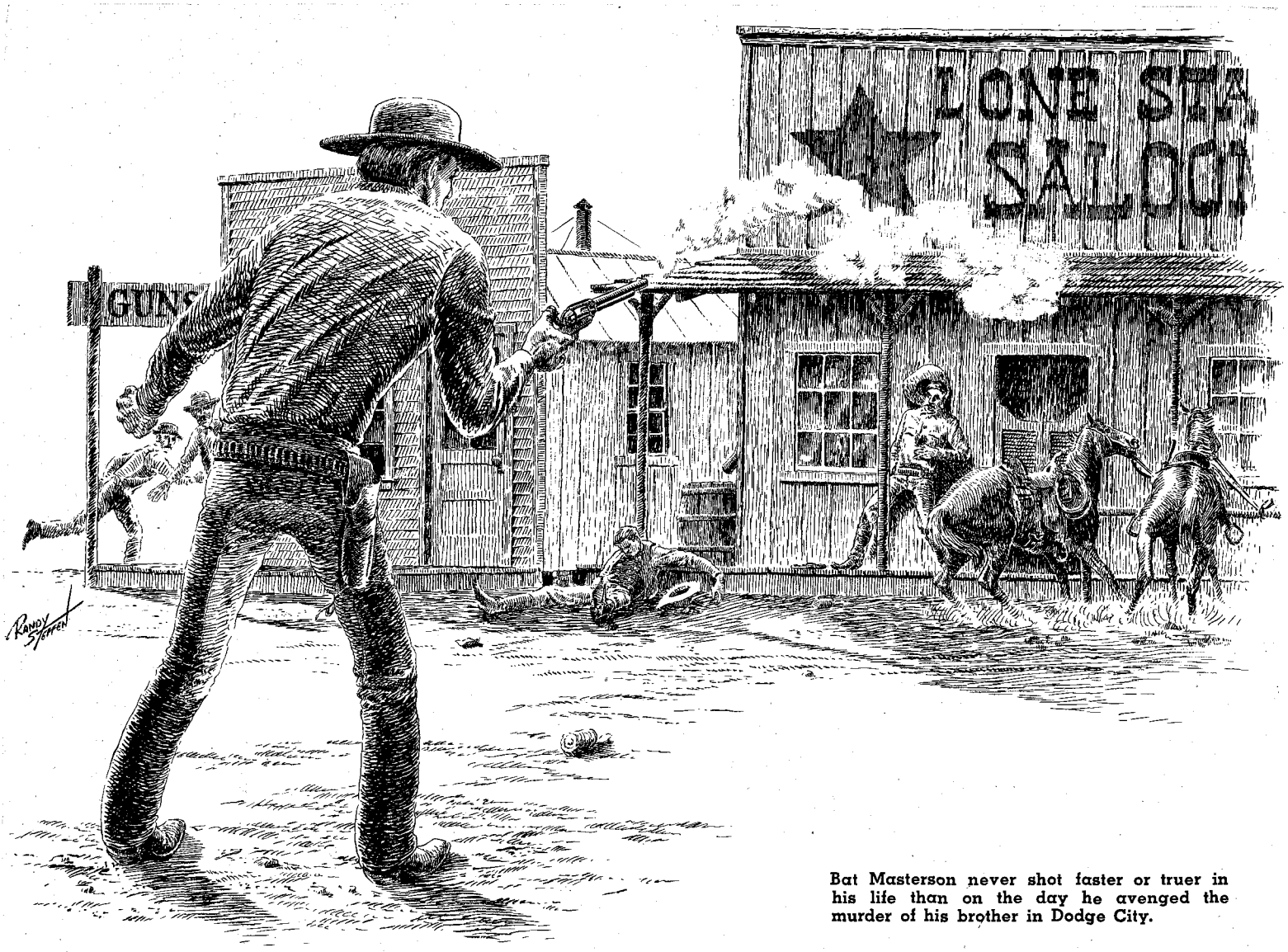

Bat Masterson never shot faster or truer in his life than on the day he avenged the murder of his brother in Dodge City.

A MAN CALLED BAT

BY NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

Looking back on a life of colorful adventure, Bat Masterson wrote on the day of his death ". . . things break about even for all of us." He should have added: "But only if you make it so!"

BUFFALO HUNTER, Indian fighter, Army scout, frontier sheriff, professional gambler, sports writer and editor, deputy United States marshal, wit, philosopher, and one of the fastest and gamest gunfighters the Old West ever knew—that was William Barclay Masterson, commonly called Bat. A complex, intelligent man, moody and not easily understood, nobody ever described Masterson quite so well or succinctly as his good friend and hunting companion, scout and frontiersman Billy Dixon. Billy, who fought beside Bat in the Indian battle of Adobe Walls, once called Masterson ". . . a chunk of steel, and anything that struck him in those days always drew fire."

Bat moved West from Illinois while still a boy, and took to hunting buffalo for a living as naturally as the Indians who roamed the limitless prairies. There was a vital difference in method and result between the red and the white hunter. Where the Indian, a true conservationist, hunted for meat, hides, and sinews to provide his living, the avaricious white hide-hunter killed only for profit. In 1874, the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes determined to drive the white hunters from the Plains. The allied war party struck first on June 27 at Adobe Walls, in present-day Hutchinson County, between Bent Creek and Adobe Creek, just north of the South Canadian River in the Texas Panhandle.

Here, holed up in three sod buildings—a saloon and two stores—twenty-eight buffalo hunters and one woman held off six hundred warriors in a three-day battle that went down in frontier history as one of the greatest Indian fights against tremendous odds ever fought on the Plains.

The huge war party, led by the half-breed Comanche chief, Quanah Parker, and sparked by a bugle-blowing Negro renegade, attacked at dawn. They had been assured by a Kiowa medicine man that the long-range rifles of the hide-hunters had been rendered ineffective by the spells and incantations he had performed to make them harmless. Furthermore, the medicine man declared, if they attacked just at sunup, they would catch the white men asleep. The crafty Kiowa came dangerously close to calling the turn. Luck alone spoiled

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his prophecy. The ridgepole of one of the buildings—Hanrahan's saloon—cracked with a loud report at two o'clock in the morning. The awakened hunters were up repairing the damage when the war party struck.

Billy Dixon was first to see them. He fired one futile shot at the mass of onrushing warriors, then dashed for Hanrahan's saloon, yelling the alarm. Billy, in his published life story, graphically describes that whirlwind assault:

"There was never a more splendidly barbaric sight . . . Hundreds of warriors, the flower of the fighting men of the southwestern Plains tribes, mounted upon their finest horses, armed with guns and lances, and carrying heavy shields of thick buffalo hide, were coming like the wind. Over all was splashed the rich colors of red, vermilion, and ocher, on the bodies of the men, on the bodies of the running horses. Scalps dangled from bridles, gorgeous warbonnets fluttered their plumes, bright feathers dangled from the tails and manes of the horses, and the bronzed, half-naked bodies of the riders glittered with ornaments of silver and brass. Behind this headlong charging host stretched the Plains, on whose horizon the rising sun was lifting its morning fires. The warriors seemed to emerge from this glowing background."

THAT first terrific charge carried right up to the doors of the three buildings where Masterson, Dixon, and their twenty-six companions crouched behind their Winchesters and Sharps buffalo rifles. These hardy men, whose year-round business was killing, were the finest rifle shots in the world. The heavy slugs from the Big Fifties knocked the leading Indians spinning from their ponies, but still the war party drove on. Screeching braves leaped off their horses and raced in afoot under the muzzles of the booming rifles, hammering on the thick cottonwood doors with the butts of their guns, firing their six-guns through the gun-slits in the walls of the buildings. The hunters caught them in a deadly cross-fire from the corners of the barricaded windows, slaughtered them by the dozens.

Back in the drifting powder smoke, Quanah Parker saw how the fight was going and waved his plumed lance in a signal to the Negro bugler. The renegade sounded the recall, and the warriors fell back sullenly, firing their guns from beneath their horses' necks.

In the succeeding three days the Indians attacked again and again, and each time the cool and expert marksmen in Hanrahan's saloon and the two stores drove them back with frightful losses. The son of the Cheyenne chief, Stone Calf, fell on the first day and the renegade bugler caught a slug on the second. On the third day, Billy Dixon hastened the wavering chief's decision to withdraw by dropping a warrior with a lucky shot from his Sharps. A small party of fifteen braves appeared on a bluff nearly seven-eighths of a mile off, far beyond accurate rifle range. From a window of Rath's store, Billy tried a shot with his Big Fifty. He held high to allow for the inevitable drop in the trajectory of the bullet and carefully squeezed off the shot. An Indian fell from his horse following the report, but Billy never would state definitely that this was the brave he had picked for a target. Chances are, it was one of the luckiest scratch shots on record.

Shortly after Billy's coup, the Indians pulled off for good. No accurate estimate of the enemy casualties could be made, since the red men carried away most of their dead and wounded. Reconnoitering hunters discovered twelve dead Indians and the body of the Negro bugler among the carcasses of fifty-six dead horses scattered about outside the buildings and hide piles. Only four buffalo hunters were killed in the furious scrap, and of these one died through the accidental discharge of his own rifle. Ironically, this man was Bill Olds, husband of the only white woman in the fight.

After the Adobe Walls fight, twenty-year-old Bat Masterson served a brief hitch with General Miles' tough outfit of Indian-chasing cavalry before drifting to Dodge City, Kansas, in search of further diversion. Hell-roaring Dodge, on the Santa Fe Railroad, was then the lurid Mecca for gamblers, buffalo hunters, cowboys, badmen, wandering actors and actresses, pimps and prostitutes. Dodge desperately needed a nervy young man like Bat for a peace officer. In rapid succession he served both as deputy sheriff and sheriff—and all before reaching his twenty-second birthday.

Bat's first serious clash with frontier desperadoes came shortly after he was elected sheriff of Dodge. Dave Rudabaugh, a thoroughly bad *hombre* who later joined Billy the Kid in New Mexico, robbed a train at Kinsley, Kansas, in company with several boon companions.

KINSLEY was well outside Bat's territory of Ford County, but technicalities never deterred the young officer. Bat quickly organized a posse and rode twenty miles through a swirling snowstorm to head off the fugitives at a prairie cow camp. Masterson rightly figured that the lonely camp would be picked by the robbers for a hide-out. The posse arrived at the camp well ahead of the outlaws, and were waiting with leveled rifles when Rudabaugh and his half-frozen comrades came loping in off the storm-swept prairie. Dave surrendered without a fight, openly admiring the boy sheriff's guts and savvy.

Young Masterson had taken on a man-sized job, riding herd on Dodge City and environs. The Texas cowhands who drove the bawling longhorns up the Chisholm Trail from the Lone Star State were a wild bunch who frankly detested the Kansas "Yanks" and were ready at any time to express their contempt with bullets. Bat strove constantly to improve relations between the rival factions, and finally prevailed upon the boys to check their artillery at bars and dance-halls and call a temporary truce while whooping it up in Dodge.

There were occasions, however, when the bad men of the town tested the mettle of the youthful sheriff and found it steel. Ben Thompson, the Texas gambler rated by Bat as the slickest gun-fighter the Old West ever produced, tangled with Masterson one night at Springer's Theater. Ben, well oiled with redeye whisky, stormed backstage to pester famed comedian Eddie Foy. Thompson threw his Colt on Foy and ordered him to lie down on the floor while he shot out the lights. Eddie, paralyzed with terror, couldn't move a muscle. Ben, feigning murderous rage, bellowed, "Lay down, tenderfoot, or I'll splatter yore brains on the wall!"

Foy collapsed limply in his chair, resigned to violent death just as Masterson came rushing backstage to his rescue. Bat caught Thompson's wrist and thrust the muzzle of the gun skyward. "Don't be a damn fool, Ben!" barked the sheriff. "What are you trying to do—ruin the show?"

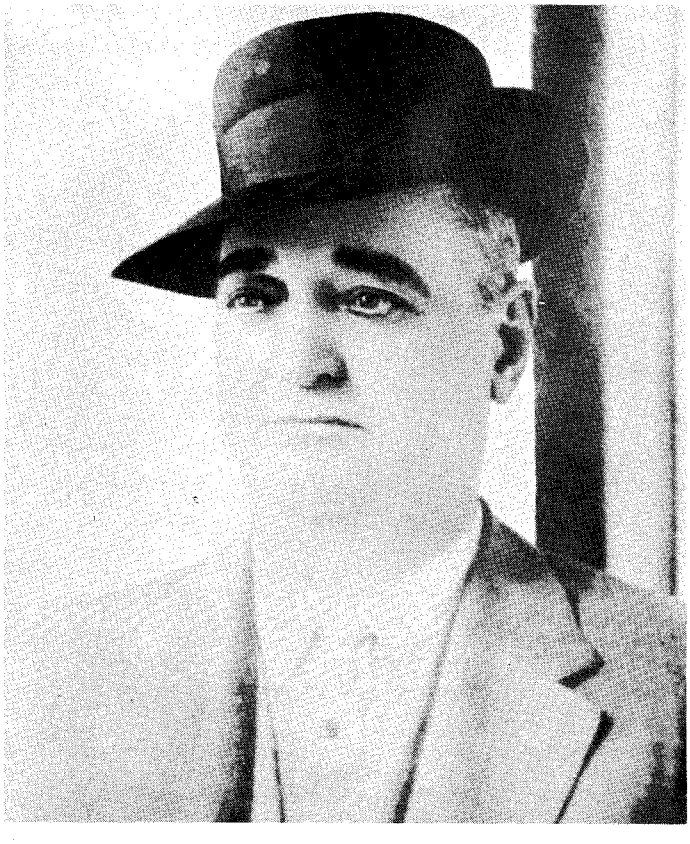
"Never thought of that, Bat," admitted Ben sheepishly, holstering his forty-five. "I was jest foolin' with the scared little cuss."

The unpredictable Thompson was as friendly with Masterson as he ever allowed himself to get with anyone. The year before the Foy incident, at a dance-hall brawl in Sweetwater, Texas, Ben had come to Bat's assistance after the latter had been wounded in the leg by a jealous soldier who resented Bat dancing with his girl. Masterson pulled his gun as he fell and drilled the soldier through the heart. Comrades of the dead man rushed across the floor at Bat, but Thomp-

(Continued on page 33)

Masterson in later years, as sports writer and editor on The New York Telegraph.

FRONTIER PIX



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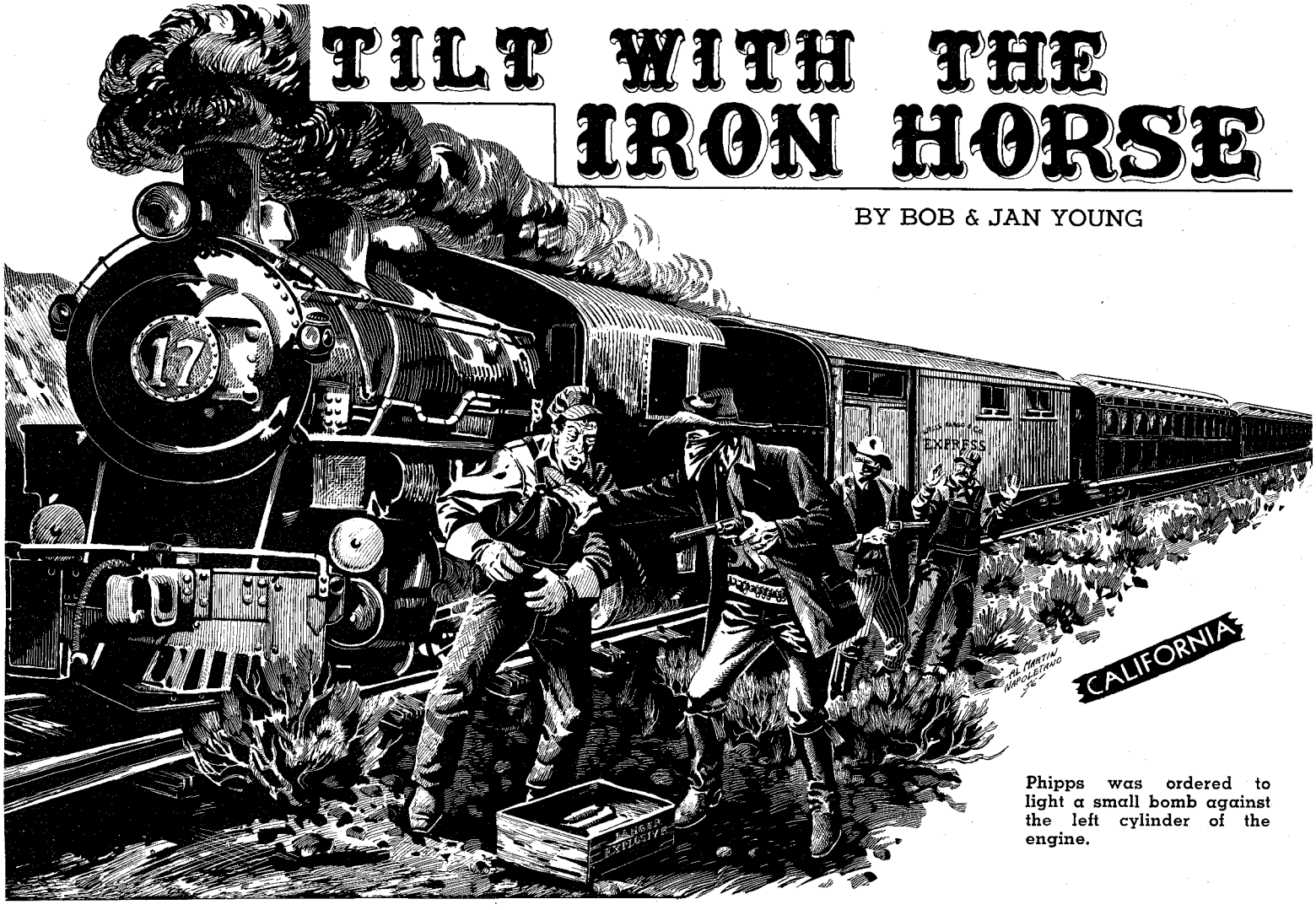
TILT WITH THE IRON HORSE

BY BOB & JAN YOUNG



Phipps was ordered to light a small bomb against the left cylinder of the engine.

When the railroad company touched off the Mussel Slough slaughter, it started a series of holdups, manhunts, and bloody killings that was to last for years.

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

NUMBER 17 drove southward from Pixley under the practiced hand of engineer Pete Boelenger at the throttle. Pete pulled his head inside the cab window as, with startling suddenness, two masked men jumped from the tender into the lighted cab. The men, one tall and one short, shrouded in linen dusters, pointed shotguns at Pete and his fireman. The tall man barked:

"Stop the train at the crossroad, mister, and you won't get hurt!"

Number 17 ground to a halt. Pete and his fireman dropped from the cab ahead of the bandits and walked toward the express car.

"Open up!" the tall bandit called to express clerk, J. R. Kelley. "Throw out your treasure box!"

Kelley gamely refused. The bandits, waving the trainmen back, set a short-fused explosive charge beneath the express car. The blast lifted the car from its trucks. It settled back, damaged but not demolished.

Four trainmen, including Henry Gabert, had been walking toward the head end. One bandit, spotting their lantern, fired his shotgun and wounded Gabert. A second blast wounded the other railroader. The bandits leveled their shotguns at the engineer and fireman, shouting to Kelley that they were next unless he pushed out the box. He pushed it out.

While one bandit lugged the box into the darkness, the second hustled the engineer and fireman back into the cab. Ordering them to continue on into Pixley, he disappeared into the night.

Railroad and Wells-Fargo detectives swarmed into Pixley to take up the robbers' trail. Civilians joined the chase when a $1,000 reward was offered by the Southern Pacific and Wells-Fargo companies.

Rumors that the treasure box had contained $5,000 were discounted by officials, but many San Joaquin Valley residents beamed over news of the robbery, however small. Long before the February 22, 1889, robbery, not a few Californians considered the Southern Pacific Railroad little more than a legal corporate bandit. Hate of the railroad smoldered; violence flared sporadically, and the Mussel Slough tragedy of May, 1880, still was remembered in bitterness and sorrow.

AT the time of the bloody Mussel Slough affair, central California was largely a cattle country but was being slowly settled by farmers. The farmers prospered moderately until the Southern Pacific Railroad decided to tap the freight potential of their farming land. Southern Pacific officials shrewdly eyed the inestimable value of the vast land grants: alternate sections the length of its trackage. Unofficially, settlers were encouraged to farm the subsidy acreages, understanding that the Southern Pacific would later sell back for $2.50 an acre. Cheap fares and free farming privileges lured thousands to the rich, fertile land.

Naturally the farmers protested vigorously when the railroad asked $10 to $25 an acre for their improved land. Resistance culminated in the Mussel Slough slaughter. The events setting up the tragedy were these:

To fight the Southern Pacific's seizure of improved land, a Settlers' Land League was formed. Lobbying in Washington was undertaken, but the Southern Pacific undercut it. Litigation instituted by the League stalled through curious court

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decisions and railroad-engineered delays. State legislators, conscious of where the big money lay, played ball with the Southern Pacific. Emboldened, the railroad began dispossession of farmers.

A League picnic for the farmers and their families was scheduled at Mussel Slough school grounds early in May, 1880. A Federal marshal, accompanied by three heavily armed deputies, chose the occasion as a good opportunity to serve the dispossession papers. Each officer carried two revolvers and a ten-gauge shotgun. Only two others, James Harris and J. W. Henderson, were armed.

The marshal requested a conference with the League leaders. Meanwhile, Henderson and Harris strolled over to the buckboard occupied by the lawmen. Nobody knows what started the shooting, but suddenly gunfire blazed out. Jim Harris fell, wounded. As he went down, he shot one of the officers in the groin. Deputy Crow's shotgun blast caught Harris in the chest, killing him instantly.

Settlers scattered in panic. Crow dropped another rancher with his second barrel, reloaded, and killed yet another man. The berserk deputy then dropped his shotgun, drew his pistol and shot a third rancher through the chest. Henderson, the only remaining armed rancher, rushed Crow. Four shots were exchanged; Henderson fell dead with a bullet through his heart. The fight was over.

Crow stared dazedly at the five bodies; then raced for home. His riddled body was found along the lonely back road later that day. His murderer was never apprehended.

Ironically, seventeen settlers were convicted for resisting a United States marshal! All were sentenced to brief jail terms. But the anger of the settlers was shown in the farce of their imprisonment. Prisoners brought their families to jail; special food and drink was provided, and each man was regularly released to conduct his business affairs or even to attend the theater. Yet their unjust convictions seared a lasting scar on the memories of the outraged settlers, causing them to condone or even to approve the later raids of the "Linen Duster Bandits" on Southern Pacific trains.

AFTER the February 22, 1889, robbery, the Southern Pacific tried frantically to locate the two bandits. Everywhere, their detectives ran into a blank wall of public indifference. A few bar-flies and poolroom hangers-on joined the hunt in the hope of collecting the $1,000 reward. None succeeded, and the search lagged. The hunt tempo suddenly increased when, eleven months later, Number 19 southbound from Goshen was again stopped by two bandits closely resembling the first pair.

Apparently, the bandits swung up on the tender as the train left Goshen; then stepped into the engine cab when they were about three miles south of that small town. Their tactics were much the same, except this time the express agent meekly dropped out the box. Only a tramp, scurrying to get away, was shot dead before the bandits again disappeared into the night.

Excitement was tense that night of January 20, 1890, but few people except the railroad officials were anxious to capture the bandits. The settlers hadn't forgotten the miniature massacre at Mussel Slough.

Southern Pacific big brass drove law officers into frenzied search, arresting everybody who even remotely fitted the description of the bandits. The railroad doubled the $1,000 reward. Persistent rumors indicated that the S.P. was $20,000 poorer after the two daring holdups.

A full year passed before the bandits struck again. Southbound Number 17 was stopped near Alila. The bandits herded trainmen back to the express car, but this time they met their match. Instead of throwing down the box on command, the express agent gave his answer in bullets. After an exchange of shots, the bandits withdrew. Behind them lay the mortally wounded fireman. They got no loot; murder was their only accomplishment.

Amazingly, detectives arrested the valiant express agent on the fantastic charge of having shot the fireman! He was acquitted, but the ridiculous action clearly shows the Southern Pacific's concern over its damaged prestige.

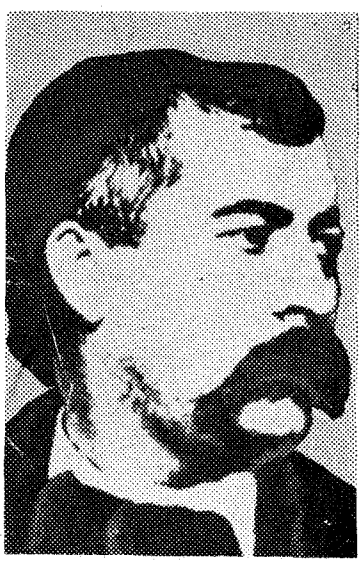
Sheriffs from two adjoining counties took up the manhunt. When the trail disappeared in the dust at Huron, one officer suddenly remembered a flyer detailing activities of the Oklahoma Dalton gang. Grattan and Bob Dalton were thought to be in the vicinity. Bob got the word and took off for Oklahoma, but Grattan—thinking himself secure in his innocence of the train robbery—stayed on. He was arrested in Fresno, but released when witnesses swore he was playing cards at the exact time of the robbery. Grattan went to San Francisco, where he was rearrested on the same charge. Largely because of his unsavory reputation, Grattan Dalton was found guilty of the Alila robbery.

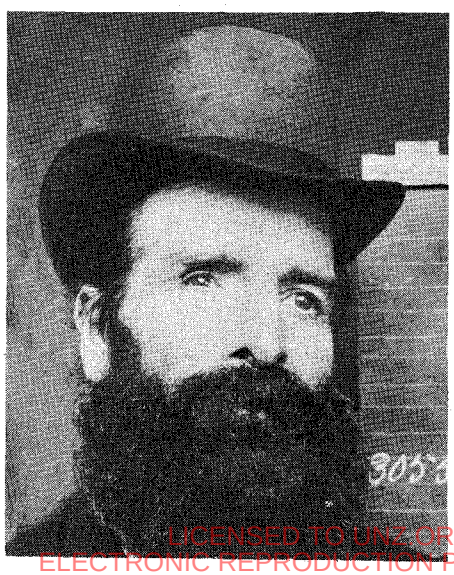
Later, two other men were accused of the same job; yet only two men in all were involved. A fourth robbery took place September 3, 1891, just south of Ceres. This time it was Number 19 that was held up.

Two men slipped from the shadows of a water tank when the train stopped to detrain a passenger. The express car was bombed twice, but the expressmen refused to throw out the box. A gun fight erupted, leaving one railroader dead. The bandits caught up their horses and lit out, again without loot.

Three tramps riding the train were seized by officers for questioning. Had they seen the bandits? They had: one was tall and thin, the other short and fat. From that moment, only the middleweights escaped the lynx-eyed officers.

Right: This wooden headstone still stands over the grave of John Sontag in Calvary Cemetery near Roeding Park in Fresno, California. Left: George Sontag, brother of John Sontag. Center: Chris Evans, as he looked while in Folsom Prison. Photo courtesy of Robert A. Heinze, present Warden at Folsom Prison, Represa, California.





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The battle of Stone Corral in June, 1893, cost the bandit, John Sontag, his life. Here Sontag lies mortally wounded, while around him stand the victors of the nightlong gun-fight.

DETECTIVES arrested a barber answering generally to the vague descriptions. Protesting innocence, the barber was taken to the robbery scene. As he firmly denied ever having been near Ceres, the detectives released him. "The barber walked back the five miles through the heat to Modesto, and was mad enough when he got here to waylay the first train that came along," the *Modesto Herald* reported wryly.

About three weeks after the Ceres holdup, Grattan Dalton escaped from the Visalia jail. Three doors had been mysteriously unlocked for him, then relocked. The keys were never found. Grat stole a team and vanished.

The search centered on the Dalton gang now. Bill Dalton was arrested, along with another tough named Riley Dean. Both men were arraigned; charges dismissed. Dalton was rearrested on the Alila robbery complicity; declared not guilty. Then he was rearrested on another robbery charge; this one supposedly committed in San Luis Obispo. This third arrest probably saved Bill's life. The Dalton gang was virtually wiped out a few months later trying to loot a Coffeyville, Kansas, bank.

The elusive bandits pulled their fifth train robbery on August 3, 1892, when—for the third time—they held up Number 17. They stopped the train near Collis (now Kerman) in Fresno County.

Engineer Al Phipps obeyed promptly when the two men dropped into the cab and shouted, "Stop your engine!" Phipps was ordered to light a small bomb against the left cylinder of the engine. The explosion broke the piston rod, but didn't entirely disable the engine, as expected.

A confederate joined the two bandits in response to three pistol shots. The trio set two bombs against the express car doors; the explosion twisted iron bars and splintered woodwork, but the hole wasn't large enough. The express agent, though wounded, attempted to defend his treasure. Five bombs were exploded, and the dazed agent could not stop the bandits' entrance. He still refused to give up the keys, but a pistol whack changed his mind. Two safes were opened. Three bags of silver coins, weighing over one hundred pounds, and one bag of gold coins were removed. Trainmen were forced to carry the loot to a waiting buggy. The bandits whipped up the horses and the excitement was over.

Estimates of this robbery ranged from $30,000 to $50,000, but it is unlikely that any such amount was taken. Much of the silver was in Peruvian coins, which couldn't be passed. These coins were to appear later.

Again posses formed to search for the bandits. Officers patrolled roads, followed buggy tracks, guarded bridges, and watched towns. It was the beginning of the most intensive manhunt in the history of the West, one that kept lawmen active for two years.

The Dalton gang search was abandoned when word was received from Idaho that the Daltons were operating there. Shortly thereafter came news of the Coffeyville raid. Emmett Dalton, a survivor who became a respected citizen, always stoutly maintained that none of the Dalton brothers had anything to do with any of the train robberies.

Since the Daltons were eliminated, who then was guilty? A bartender tipped officers that George Sontag, an ex-convict from Nebraska, had been drunk in his saloon and bragged he could set the law straight on the robberies.

Detectives promptly grabbed George. They didn't learn much from him, but decided to question John Sontag and Chris Evans, with whom George lived. Railroad detective Smith and deputy sheriff Witty rode over to the Evans home to have a chat with the boys.

SMITH and Witty watched the house a few minutes before approaching. They saw John Sontag ride up to the rear of the house, dismount and enter. Quickly the officers moved in, knocked at the door, and asked for him.

"Mr. Sontag isn't here," Eva Evans replied, apparently not knowing that Sontag had just ridden in.

"You're a damned little liar!" Smith snapped, according to Eva's testimony later. According to Smith, he said, "You are mistaken, I just saw him ride in."

It was the difference in these phrases upon which the lives of a dozen men were to hang.

Whatever Smith's reply, sixteen-year-old Eva ran to her father and told him there were two men in the house, who'd called her a liar when she said John Sontag (her fiance incidentally) wasn't there.

Chris Evans loved his daughter and he had a quick temper. He picked up a revolver with which Eva had been practicing marksmanship that morning, and strode through the house to the front door. Officers later maintained his appearance was so sudden, after their conversation with Eva, that she couldn't have relayed the conversation. He must have been expecting trouble with the law, they insisted.

In any event, Smith asked Evans if Sontag was home, and Chris heatedly denied it. Smith then pushed past Evans and pulled back the curtain which hung in front of the bedroom. There stood John Sontag, holding a leveled shotgun.

At this point, the stories again differ. Smith claimed he merely *reached* for his gun, while Evans drew his. Eva testified that the officers fired the first shot; the lawmen denied it. But a shot *was* fired, and Smith and Witty began a hurried retreat. Smith, running across the yard into a tomato patch, tried to push through a picket fence. He slipped, his head becoming caught between the stakes like a cow in a feeding trough, his posterior high in the air.

Sontag laughed grimly at the ludicrous sight, and gave Smith a double load of buckshot in the exposed portion of his anatomy. Smith drove through the fence like a wounded bull, clutching at his wounds and yelling in terror. Eva Evans, in a ballad, was to later sing that Smith shouted, "Oh, take me to a doctor, for I know I'm going to die!"

Evans meanwhile chased Witty, drilling him through the shoulder with his first shot; missing with his second. The gun was then empty, as Eva had shot the other bullets during the morning. Witty collapsed across the street, but Evans didn't follow him because of an injured foot. He'd gashed it with an axe at his Sampson's Flat ranch a few days before. An interesting point is that no witness, before or after the holdups, stated that either of the Collis train robbers limped.

Sontag and Evans fled together after the shooting of Smith and Witty. *(Continued on page 38)*

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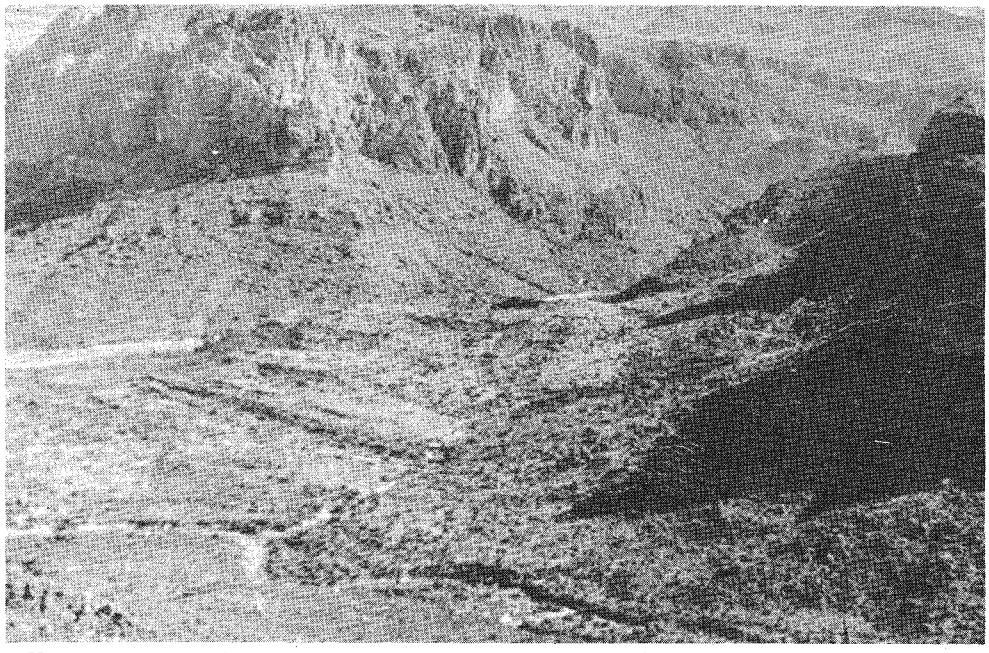
ARIZONA

Throughout the West, old-time prospectors and modern mining men have their pet theories on Jacob Walzer and his famous mine. Here a professional packer gives *his* opinion of



View of Needle (or Sombrero) Canyon. Adolf Ruth's body was found at lower right-hand corner.

How The Dutchman Got His Gold!

BY JOHN A. TAYLOR

Photos by the Author

I have lived in Arizona since 1912, with the exception of short periods of time spent in Texas and New Mexico. For 44 years I have been in or near the Superstition Mountains, and I have talked to many an old-timer about the old Dutchman and that fabulous gold mine he's supposed to have discovered and kept all to himself.

After adding up and sifting out all the stories I have heard, and after following innumerable old trails, I have reached this firm conclusion: Jacob Walzer never put a shovel or a pick in the ground anywhere in the Superstitions. I'll tell you how and why I have reached that conclusion.

Old-timers have stated—and mint records substantiate their statements—that the Dutchman came out of the mountains with plenty of the precious yellow metal. Walzer would leave Hill City (now Phoenix) on the stage, and travel to the old stage station on Queen Creek. Quoting the old-timers: from Queen Creek it took the Dutchman two days to make the trip to the point where he got his gold. He had to walk, as there were no pack burros or mules at the stage station. For a white man, no matter how rugged, hiking twenty-five to thirty miles a day in that climate over that rough terrain is sure traveling!

The Peralta brothers of Sonora, Mexico, came to that part of Arizona some time about 1830—about forty years before the Dutchman showed up. The Peraltas worked several mines on the east side of the mountain and in the vicinity of Sombrero or Needle Mountain, and on to the northwest side of this range of mountains. Anyone that can read signs can still find traces of trails made by the Mexicans' packmules.

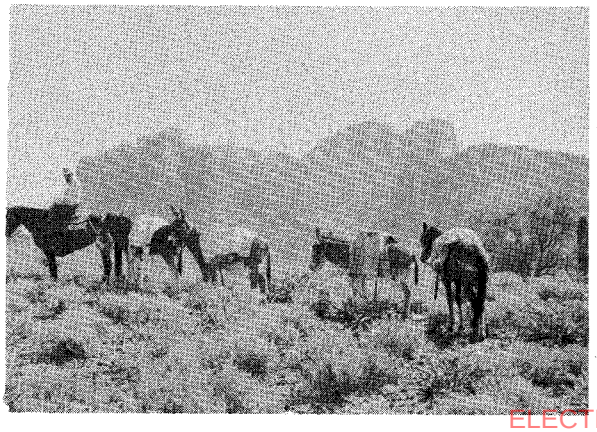
In Mexico, by talking to some very old Mexicans familiar with the history of the Peralta family, I learned that the brothers started a pack train loaded with gold once a year for Mexico City. The only water to be found in those days near the northwest corner of the mountains, was around the north and *east* of the mountains to Queen Creek. From there on, the packmule route would be south to Cottonwood Creek, north of Mineral Mountain to the Gila River near the Twin Buttes; then up the river to the mouth of the San Pedro and up the San Pedro to the old Mexico line.

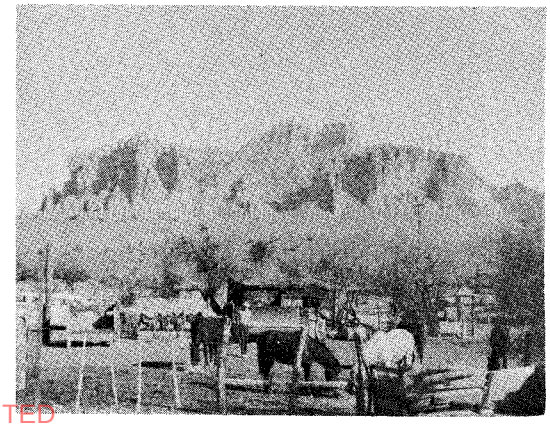
Now here's the startler: According to the records, in the years the Peralta brothers worked the mines only one pack train ever reached its destination! Most of the old-timers I talked to believe that one or more of those pack trains were ambushed by the Apaches in the vicinity of Weaver's Needle. All the Apaches wanted was the mules and provisions. They had no use whatever for the gold, and it was dumped wherever the packmules bearing it were caught or killed. If the gold was in buckskin or rawhide bags, the packrats took care of that quickly.

UNDOUBTEDLY, the Dutchman's Apache girl friend led him to the spot where one of those pack trains had been ambushed. Any one of those pack loads of gold is as apt to be on a cactus flat as on the side of a mountain. Why? Because when an Apache arrow hit one of those mules and didn't kill him right off, that mule was going to hunt distance *muy*

(Continued on page 36)

Left: On the way to the Dutchman's Mine. Center: View of Needle Mountain from the north side. Right: Base Camp. Jump-off spot for expeditions into the Superstitions, seen in the background.





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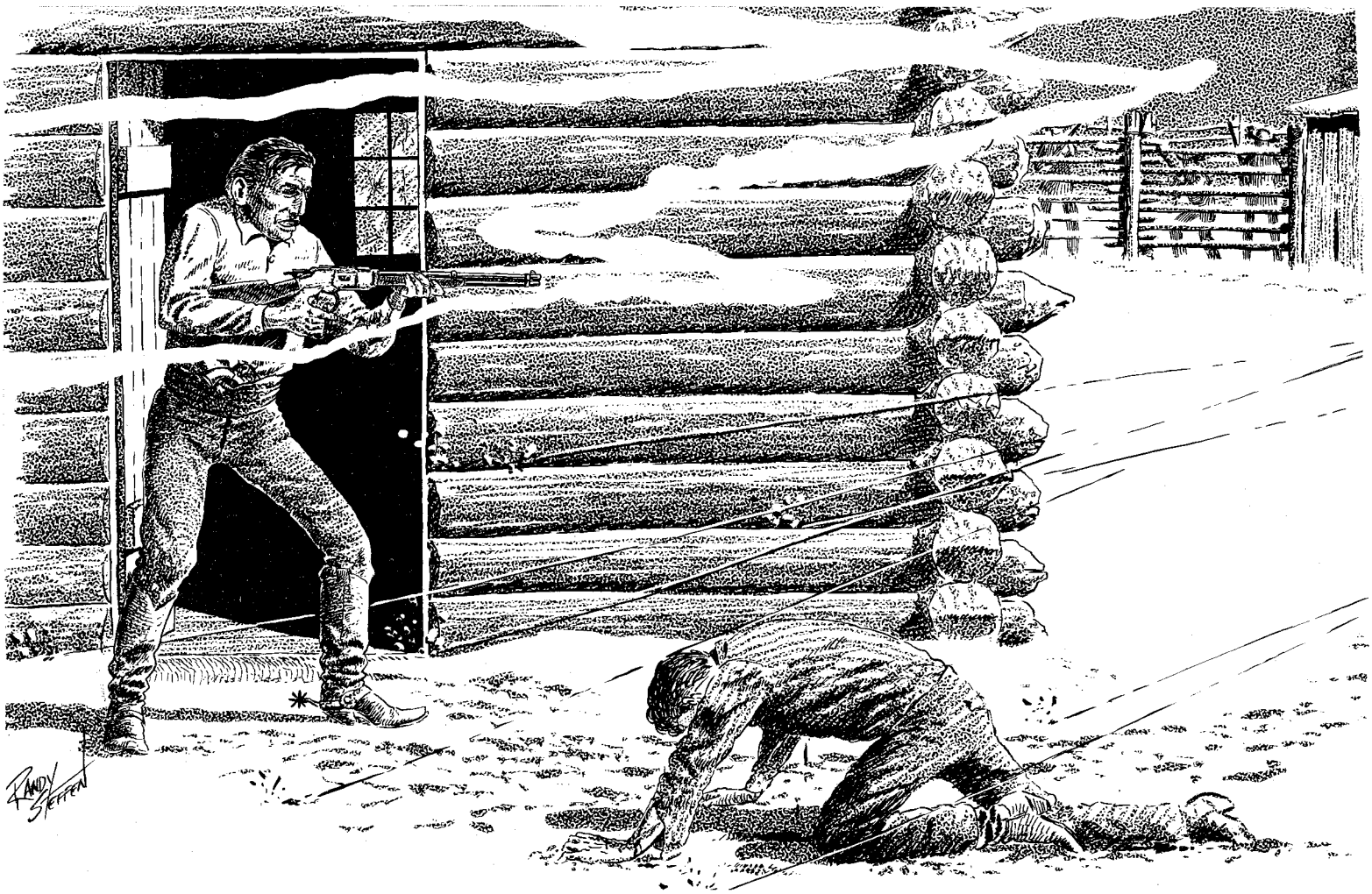

Nate Champion, flinging wide the door of his cabin, leaped to rescue wounded Nick Ray.

ONE AGAINST AN ARMY

BY BRYCE W. ANDERSON

WHEN they call the roll of the brave at the last Great Roundup, you can bet they won't forget Nate Champion.

Nate was a rustler—or so the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association claimed when it put a price on his head. In fact, they called him "King of the Rustlers."

Champion was a Texan by birth. He was born September 29, 1857, in Williamson County, Texas, the sixth son of Jack and Naomi Standifer Champion. His mother died when he was a child, and his father remarried, siring six more sons and six daughters.

Having to shift for himself at a tender age, Nate turned naturally to the cow camps for employment. By the time he was old enough to shave he was a crack shot and at home in the saddle.

Some time in the '80s, Nate and his brother Dudley rode north with a Texas trail crew that took a herd into Wyoming Territory. They liked the clear, crisp air of the high plateaus among the Rockies. Both stayed—but not together. Dudley went to work for one of the many cattle outfits. Nate struck out on his own.

In Johnson County, a dog-eared rectangle that sweeps from the crest of the Big Horns west past Powder River, he found what he wanted. Here was a secluded land where no one asked questions of a man, so long as he dealt fairly with his neighbors, picked no quarrel but proved he could fight. Here the small ranchers were making a stand against the big cattle companies that laid claim to all the open range. The cattle barons were said to own the statehouse in Cheyenne, but the little ranchers and nesters elected the officials in Johnson County.

Nesters and small stockmen were allied. They had another ally, too: the outlaw band that rode out of the Hole-in-the-Wall, an all but hidden gap in the Red Wall of the Big Horns. Such men as Flat-Nosed George Curry, the Logan brothers, and others of their stripe rode with that gang. They brought strange cattle on night drives over secret trails, and moved them by circuitous routes to far-off markets—with their brands somehow changing on the way.

The outlaws by tacit agreement left the locally-owned herds alone, while they preyed on the big herds of the absentee owners. And the Johnson County folk reciprocated in their own way. They left the Hole-in-the-Wall gang alone, and when a man was arrested for rustling, their juries somehow always found the evidence unsatisfactory. Of 180 rustling arrests in this period, Johnson County juries brought in only one conviction.

THE winter of 1886-87 was one of disaster for the Wyoming cattle industry. The summer had been dry and hot. Then across the starved benchlands, great blizzards swept. The critters could find no grass, and died by the dozens, hundreds and thousands beside frozen water holes or in drift-filled draws. The big absentee owners, accustomed to lush profits and loose bookkeeping, were especially hard hit. Many of the great spreads were forced to the wall. Among these was Morton Frewen's Powder River Cattle Company, the "76" spread which controlled—or claimed—some 100,000 acres of mountain and valley lands.

One of the "76" holdings was Nolan's KC Ranch, on the Middle Fork of Powder River, where the town of Kaycee now

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WYOMING

While tongues of flame shot toward the roof and a hail of lead shrieked through the cabin windows, Nate Champion took pencil in hand to make a final entry into the log of his last-stand fight against the "Regulators." "Good-bye, boys, if I never see you again —Nathan D. Champion."

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

stands. As the big spread was broken up, Nathan D. Champion set up headquarters in the old Nolan cabin on a barren rise.

Champion was an unprepossessing man of thirty by then. He had a large Roman nose that gave him a "horse-faced" look. He stooped slightly and his legs were bowed. He was only of medium size, and no impressive figure, despite flashing black eyes. But his skill as a marksman had brought him local fame. And in a country of taciturn men, he was well liked.

To the Nolan cabin rode members of the loose-knit rustler gang. Perhaps Champion had known some of them in his Texas days, for men who had ridden the long trail north were among these riders of the dark ways. Some of them, like him, wore the broad red sash that Texas cowboys had copied from the Mexican vaqueros.

Pinkerton men, working as cattle detectives, carried the word that Nate Champion was "King" of the rustler gang. They said the red sash was the outlaw band's insignia, so it became known as the Red Sash Gang. They said Champion's ranch was a handy place to hide stolen livestock, and that he had built his own herd with a long loop and a running iron.

The Wyoming cattle country strife was mounting. And the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association instituted a blackball list of cowpokes suspected of rustling or being friendly with the stock thieves. These men were denied employment on any ranch of an association member. Some of them stopped for awhile with Champion, as employees or partners. One such was Nick Ray, a big, hard-fisted top hand from Missouri. His fate and Champion's were to be linked in tragedy.

On the morning after Hallowe'en of 1891, Champion and Ross Gilbertson lay sleeping in an outlying cabin. Four men spooked the cabin. The sleeping pair awoke in the nick of time, and drove the four away with six-gun fire. But their visitors left evidence that they had come to kill—and that they had been sent by the stock growers' association.

Two drygulchings of nesters followed this attempt on Champion and Gilbertson. Johnson County men began carrying their Winchesters wherever they went and watching every unknown visitor with intense suspicion.

No drummer calling on merchants in Buffalo, the county seat, could feel safe that uneasy winter. He would be eyed narrowly everywhere he went, as a possible emissary of the hated association. And his suitcase full of samples would be suspected of containing dynamite until he threw it open to display its harmless contents.

Then the small ranchers—with Champion as their front man—took an action of calculated defiance of the association. With approval of the county's elected officials, they set an 1892 spring roundup date of their own—one month earlier than that decreed by the association-controlled State Livestock Board.

THE gauntlet was cast, and the stock growers' association was quick to pick it up. John Clay, Jr., the association president, was abroad at the baronial estate in his ancestral Scotland which he had purchased with his profits from Black Hills beef. But the vice president, George W. Baxter of Cheyenne, a former governor of Wyoming, called a special membership meeting for April 4. All members, he decreed, must be present or represented by proxies. And H. B. Ijams, the association secretary, prepared to put into operation plans already months in the making.

The meeting was held behind closed doors at the Cheyenne Club. No minute books were kept. The executive minutes of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association state that no meeting was held in 1892. But forty-three members answered the roll call.

While the cattle barons gathered to hear and approve Ijams' plans, some of their hired hands and a few hard cases recruited by the secretary were branding three carloads of horses in the Cheyenne stockyards. The brand they used was A—, an unrecorded iron.

The day after the meeting, a special train arrived over the Union Pacific Railroad from Denver. It consisted of a chair car with curtains tightly drawn, a baggage car, three stock cars, a flat car and caboose.

Onto the stock cars the hired hands loaded the newly branded horses. Onto the flat car they put three wagons, and into the baggage car, supplies and equipment for an extended outing by half a hundred men. Armed guards patrolled the railroad yards to see that no unauthorized person went near the train.

At dusk, the hired hands who had been loading the train were ordered aboard. Behind the drawn curtains they found thirty Texas gunmen, who had been recruited by Ijams' agents with promises of $5 per day plus $50 each for every rustler killed.

Several members of the stock growers' association also boarded the train, along with an imported surgeon, Dr. Charles Penrose of Philadelphia, a brother of the noted Boies Penrose; and two newspaper correspondents, Sam T. Clover of *The Chicago Herald* and Ed Towse of *The Cheyenne Sun.* There reportedly were fifty-two men on the train, all told. They styled themselves the "Regulators." Major Frank Walcott, a retired army man who loved a battle, was placed in command.

THROUGH the night, the train rolled north and west to Casper, the nearest railroad point to Johnson County. There, its passengers, horses, and cargo were unloaded. Then the "Regulators" rode for Powder River. Tom Smith, a former United States marshal in the Indian Territory, commanded the Texas contingent. Frank M. Canton, who had bossed the fight on rustlers for the association, was in charge of the remainder. One man remained behind to cut the telegraph wires near Casper. Johnson County was to have no advance warning if they could help it.

The first night out, as they camped in open country about twenty miles from Casper, Major Walcott disclosed to his lieutenants a list of thirty men marked for death. Topping the list were the names of W. G. "Red" Angus, sheriff of Johnson County, and Nathan D. Champion.

The following day, the "Regulators" headed for the ranch of Bob Tisdale on the Johnson County line. Just before they reached it, they were met by Mike Shonsey, range foreman for the Western Union Beef Company, of which Vice President Baxter of the association was general manager. Shonsey had news: Nate Champion was at his headquarters on the KC Ranch.

Leaders of the expedition had been planning to move first on Buffalo to get the sheriff and his deputies. But here was closer quarry—likely to escape if not dealt with at once. And so, after resting men and horses at Tisdale's ranch, the "Regulators" rode north toward the KC Ranch on the night of April 8.

It was a cold night, but there was a roaring fire inside the Nolan cabin, and on a table was a bottle of whiskey to add its inner warmth. Nick Ray, properly warmed with drink, was squeezing out lively country tunes on a squeaky fiddle; Champion was lending a reedy baritone. Their song was interrupted by heavy rapping at the door.

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By instinct, both men grabbed their guns. Cautiously, Champion moved to the door and hallooed the visitors.

He was answered by two trappers, an old man named Ben Jones and a youth named William W. Walker. They asked to spend the night.

Conviviality returned. The horses were put up and the visitors invited in. Champion passed the bottle. For an hour or so, he, his partner, and the unexpected guests talked, sang and drank. Unknown to them, they were watched from a distance by Mike Shonsey and three companions, who had ridden ahead of the main body of "Regulators" as advance scouts.

Snow fell lightly during the night. It brought a mild, drowsy morning. The four men inside the cabin slept past their usual time, and the sun was nearly two hours high when Champion started making flapjacks for breakfast.

Old Man Jones, arising a few minutes later, picked up a bucket and started toward the river for wash water.

When breakfast was ready, Jones had not returned.

"Seems like it's taking him an awful long time to get that water," said Ray. He and Walker stepped outside to look around. On the way out, Ray picked up his Winchester.

THE two men scanned yard and skyline closely. Nothing seemed amiss. The trappers' wagon stood in plain view, where they had unhitched the horses the night before. One of the horses whinnied from the stable.

Walker remarked that Jones, who had lived alone for much of his life, sometimes wandered off for hours by himself. The two men returned to the cabin and sat down to the steaming flapjacks.

When breakfast was over, Walker announced he would search further for Jones. He walked out slowly, made a circuit about the cabin, then decided to look in the stable. He disappeared through the stable doorway, and did not emerge.

Moments later, Nick Ray walked out, picked up an axe, and began to cut kindling. After he had broken up some small branches lying on the ground, he began to hew a limb from a big cottonwood tree in the dooryard.

For perhaps ten minutes, Ray swung his axe. Then a rifle barrel poked through a little window in the stable wall—a window used for throwing out manure. The gun barked once.

Sheriff Frank M. Canton, of Johnson County, Wyoming. Canton's name was written down by Champion as one of the leaders of the "Regulators." Later, his name was scratched from Champion's notebook.

Ray whirled. As he did so, nearly half a hundred men who were concealed in the stable, among the low growth along the river bank, and in a gully that skirted the rise on which stood the cabin, opened fire simultaneously. Ray staggered and fell.

The big man lay still only a moment, then raised himself by inches to his hands and knees. Slowly he began to crawl toward the cabin door. He left a trail of blood across the snow.

The door flew open. Nate Champion leaped out, rifle in hand. He sent a rapid volley of shots toward the stable, then ducked indoors. A moment later he was out again, his gun again leaping against his shoulder.

The "Regulators" divided their fire. Some shot at the figure which darted in and out of the doorway. Others fired again at the man crawling across the yard, more and more slowly. Several times Ray was hit. Each time he collapsed for a few seconds, then doggedly started on again.

When the crawling figure was within a few steps of the doorway, Champion again leaped out. This time he ran to Ray's side, lifted the big man, and lugged him into the cabin amid a hail of bullets.

Inside, he laid Ray on the bed, turned to fire several times through the windows, then examined his partner's wounds. They were many. Champion took such first-aid measures as he knew, but broke off frequently to fire at the hidden men surrounding the house—and each time drew a volley in reply.

AS he alternately nursed and shot, the man in the red sash considered his situation. He was alone now. No telling what had happened to the two trappers. Probably they had been captured. Anyhow, they were of no further use to him. Nick Ray was done for. And Nate Champion was surrounded by an army bent on his destruction. He could only guess at how many men crouched in concealment outside. But he felt he did not need to guess as to who had sent them.

From a shelf, he took down a pocket memorandum book and a stub of lead pencil. He concentrated for a moment to arrange the words in his mind, then began to write.

"Me and Nick was getting breakfast when the attack took place," he wrote. "Two men here with us—Bill Jones and another man. The old man went after water and did not come back. Nick started out and I told him to look out, that I thought that there was someone at the stable that would not let them come back. Nick is shot, but not dead yet. He is awful sick. I must go and wait on him."

He shoved notebook and pencil into a pocket. He worked briefly with Ray, who was moaning now in agony. Then again he moved from window to window, watching for a target, firing now and then, to draw answering fire. He must keep watch on all sides. He mustn't let them get too close.

The log cabin was well constructed for defense. Champion knew these men dreaded his accurate shooting. He doubted they would try to rush him. Still, the siege could have but one end, unless help came.

Some time later he paused to take out his notebook and pencil again. He wrote:

"It is now about two hours since the first shot. Nick is still alive; they are still shooting and are all around the house."

He broke off quickly as the fusillade from outside increased. Perhaps they were trying to storm his fortress. He ran from window to window, firing here, then there. Behind him, the moans of the dying man ended in a rattling gasp.

IT seemed to Champion a very long time before he paused to write again. His blue shirt was stuck to his broad, bent back with sweat from his exertions. He crouched against the wall, and to the bark of guns and whine of bullets, he wrote:

"Boys, there is bullets coming in like hail. Them fellows is in such shape I can't get at them. They are shooting from the stable and river and back of the house. Nick is dead, he died about 9 o'clock."

Then: "I see a smoke down at the stable. I think they have fired it. I don't think they intend to let me get away this time."

The fire in the stable had been started by accident. Walcott, in charge there, put a half dozen "Regulators" to work beating it out. He ordered the rest to keep up their fusillade.

Perhaps never have so many shots been fired in the attempt to kill one man. But Champion, as yet unscathed, found time to write another brief entry:

"It is now about noon. There is someone at the stable yet; they are throwing a rope out at the door and drawing it back. I guess it is to draw me out. I wish that duck would get out further so I could get a shot at him."

Two of the "ducks" surrounding the house had been wounded by Champion's fire. But he could not know that. And now, a note of despondency crept into his penciling in the notebook:

"Boys, I don't know what they have done with them two fellows that staid here last night. Boys, I feel pretty lonesome just now. I wish there was someone here with me so we could watch all sides at once." And then, hopefully: "They may fool around until I get a good shot before they leave."

Shortly before 3 o'clock, a team drawing the running gears of a wagon, followed by a man on horseback, appeared on the road. The man was Jack Flagg, who combined ranching with editing a weekly newspaper at Buffalo, an organ of the nesters and small ranchers. Driving the team was his 17-year-old stepson.

As the wagon drew within about 75 yards of the stable, several men leaped out and shouted for it to stop. The boy flicked the team with the reins and sped for a bridge a half mile ahead. One man laid his rifle across a fence corner and

(Continued on page 42)

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Little Pete stepped from the dark alley and swung his hatchet.

LAST OF THE HATCHETMEN!

BY E. GORTON COVINGTON

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

Little Pete, the hatchetman, was a name of terror in San Francisco's Chinatown in the 1890's. But one day he made an error of judgment, and was paid off in full.

CALIFORNIA

FOG filled the streets and alleys of San Francisco's Chinatown and the guttering gas lights were mere blobs of yellow in the murk of early evening. The sound of slippered feet on damp boards caused a figure to stir in the dark slot of one alley entrance.

The moving feet belonged to Quong Gow, who, dressed in a yellow Mandarin coat and skullcap, was hurrying toward a meeting and with other members of his tong, the Suey Ons. Only a few minutes before he had been informed that Jade Petal, a pretty slave girl for whom he had paid $200, had been kidnapped and was being held for a ransom of $2,000 by the Gi Sin Seer highbinder society—the most feared of several such organizations operating on the West Coast.

Jade Petal was easily replaced for another $200, but loss of face was something else. Quong Gow was going to insist that the Gi Sin Seers be taught a lesson. He turned into the alleyway, and the figure in the shadows stirred noiselessly. A yellow hand emerged from a black sleeve and there was the merest swish of sound as a keen-bladed hatchet rose and fell. A faint *chu-u-n-n-k* was audible as metal slashed through yellow silk and into the back of Quong Gow's head.

Twenty minutes later the Suey On tong members learned the fate of their fellow member, and within the hour two words went winging through Chinatown. They were whispered over teakwood tables where businessmen sipped tea from porcelain cups; across green baize-covered tables littered with the money, cards and markers of pi gow and fantan; through rooms where lottery cards were marked and punched; into smoky cellars redolent with the odor of cooking opium and into tiny rooms where slave girls whispered and crouched. In every instance the two words brought momentary silence.

"Little Pete!"

Little Pete, the hatchetman. Little Pete, also known as Fung Gow and Fung Jing Toy, was a name of terror. Now he was once more on the prowl and the word was that his hatchet had struck down Quong Gow as a warning that he had paid his debt and would brook no more interference from the Suey Ons.

It had been rumored that Quong Gow had passed money to some San Francisco policemen in Little Pete's name—an act that had brought Little Pete to trial for attempted bribery and had resulted in his conviction and sentencing to San Quentin. Little Pete's five-year sentence had followed the latest of several killings laid at the door of the Gi Sin Seers—the most potent blackmailing, terrorizing and murderous highbinder society on the West Coast. Most of these murders had been grouped in the years of 1886 and 1887. The latest had been the shooting down in Spofford Alley of Yen Yue, a Bo Sin Seer, by Lee Chuck, a bodyguard hired by Little Pete. The bribe offered in Little Pete's name had been, ostensibly, to get Lee Chuck off with a light sentence. In reality it had been a trick to connect Little Pete with the murder. Lee Chuck had been sentenced to life imprisonment and had cheated society by going insane. Little Pete had served eighteen months in prison and was then released.

FROM early Gold Rush days, San Francisco's Chinatown, had been plagued with tong warfare. The tongs were originally mutual aid societies organized in the Kwantung province of China to aid members to reach the New World, acquire a fortune and return—or, if they died there, to see that their remains were shipped back to China to be buried properly amid those of their revered ancestors.

Highbinder societies had crept in as offshoots of the tongs. Blackmail, revenge and the elimination of competition soon became the *modus operandi* of the tongs themselves. Part of this was due to the lush trade in slave girls for the Chinatowns scattered in every major city from San Diego to Seattle; partly to protect the lucrative lottery and gambling business, and the widespread trade connected with the smoking of the Poppy of Forgetfulness.

Contributing largely to this spreading crime wave was the attitude of the whites. They exploited the Chinese as cheap labor, drove them from the rich gold diggings, provided them with the poorest of housing and no sanitation, and ridiculed them for their yellow skins, slanted eyes, braided queues and their religious beliefs. For security, the tongs formed business alliances with the highbinder societies and this fanned the tong wars. The highbinders supplied hatchetmen to anyone with the price.

The six tongs were the Hop Sings, Jun Yings, Sen Suey Kings, Suey Ons, Bing Kongs and Suey Sings. Prices for hired killers ranged from $200 for a common member to $5,000 for a tong president. Ignored at first as a problem of the Chinese alone, the tong slayings became so frequent that San Francisco police began to try for convictions against any known hatchetman on any charge they could make stick. Only Quong Gow's trick had let them put Little Pete away. And now he was back.

(Continued on page 41)

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The rag-to-riches saga of the fabulous

EILLEY ORRUM BOWERS

NEVADA

Cinderella of the Comstock Lode

BY B. P. SULLIVAN

Eilley Orrum Bowers, wearing one of the fabulous gowns she bought in Paris. Photo courtesy of Alice B. Addenbrooke, Reno, Nevada.

EILLEY ORRUM (her right name was Allison but no one ever called her that) was born in Scotland. She came to the United States in her 'teens, with an older sister who had been converted to the Mormon faith. Unattached young girls were unwelcome burdens to the colony at Nauvoo, Illinois; so Eilley, a small, attractive, dark-eyed brunette, was soon married to an elder of the church many years her senior.

With him, Eilley made the long journey to the Mormon settlement at the Great Salt Lake in Utah. Here, her husband became a bishop of the church and an important man in the community. Faithfully, Eilley tried to carry out her responsibilities as the wife of such a man; but the difference in age between her husband and herself, his adding several other wives to the household upon proclamation of polygamy as a church policy, and—above all—her failure to bear children, proved too much to be endured. Eilley obtained a divorce, and supported herself by working as a clerk in the trading post of the town.

After a time she married a young Mormon farmer, Alex Cowan. Gladly she set out with him in the spring of 1855 to join a colonizing group moving into the Washoe country of what was then western Utah. It was a long, hard trip across mountains, the salt desert, and alkali flats, but Eilley took it without complaint.

The Cowans bought a half-section of land in Carson Valley and built a little log house at the base of a towering granite mountain near some hot mineral springs. They tried to farm for the next two years, but breaking the wilderness was different work from that Alex had known as a gardener in Ayreshire, Scotland, and he was not successful. His ambitious wife urged him to join the gold seekers in nearby Johntown, but inept Alex proved equally unsuccessful as a prospector. The couple's marital situation was insecure, with Eilley deeply unhappy over her continuing childlessness. When Brigham Young recalled the Washoe group to Salt Lake City to aid in his resistance to the armed forces being sent there by President Buchanan, Alex Cowan returned alone.

Eilley had an important decision to think through. She now realized that she had accepted Mormonism not as a glowing spiritual conviction but as a means of escape—first from her drab home life in Scotland, and secondly, from the elderly Bishop Hunter.

Once she had the issue clarified in her mind, she acted promptly. At the age of thirty-one, she obtained her second divorce and set out on her own. She opened a boarding house in Johntown and satisfied her maternal yearning by looking after "the boys"—washing and mending for the miners, feeding them flapjacks, beans, and biscuits.

WITH the discovery of a rich vein of ore in Gold Canyon in 1858, Eilley followed her boarders there and set up business in a crude cabin next to "Dutch Nick's" saloon. Among her patrons were many who later became famous: "Old Pancake" Comstock, who gave his name to the world's richest silver mine; "Old Virginny" Fennimore, who christened Virginia City; and the actual discoverers of the fabulous Lode, Peter O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin.

When Jim Rogers became ill and decided to give up prospecting, he asked Eilley to take his claim—a ten-foot strip in a nearby ravine—in payment of his accumulated board bill. She agreed. It adjoined a stake of similar size belonging to Sandy Bowers, another of her boarders, who looked after its operation for her.

Blond-bearded Lemuel Sanford Bowers had also come from Scotland. After working as a mule-skinner in Missouri, Sandy had arrived in the placer mining country as driver of an immigrant train. Although rough and uneducated, the big Scotsman was an honest, kindly person and Eilley liked and trusted him. When the Comstock Lode was discovered in June of 1859, their twenty-foot strip proved to be a part of it, and money started pouring in. By that time, Eilley and Sandy had discovered common interests other than their mining claims. On August 9, 1859, they were married in Gold Hill, with a wedding celebration by their miner friends which was the social event of the year.

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Bowers Mansion. Photo taken in 1874. Courtesy Nevada Historical Society.

A new life began for Eilley with her marriage. Sandy built a fine two-story house for her in Gold Hill, and she busied herself planting a flower garden of roses, lilacs, and hollyhocks. In all the action and confusion of a booming gold camp, Eilley created a real home for Sandy and herself. The richness of the ore discovery on Sun Mountain had stirred the world, and thousands of bonanza seekers poured into the Washoe country. Virginia City sprang into being almost overnight; frame shanties, canvas tents, crude shelters of blankets, brush, and whiskey barrels jammed together on the steep mountainside. Men were digging everywhere.

Eilley thrived on the excitement. Her love for Sandy was deep and satisfying. Their combined claims were producing $10,000 a month, and her happiness was complete when she found herself with child at last after the long years of barrenness. The baby, a boy, lived only two months. The following year Eilley bore another child, a daughter, who also died in infancy.

The richness of their mine increased, its income averaging $50,000 to $100,000 a month. Sandy expanded his enterprises, operating his own lumberyard, brickyard, and hauling business. To fill her lonely days, Eilley turned her thoughts to building a new home—a veritable castle—on the land Alex Cowan had bought in the valley, between Reno and Carson City, and which had been awarded her in the divorce.

EILLEY was determined that the nabobs of San Francisco would have nothing finer. The granite blocks came from a canyon in the vicinity; stonemasons brought from Scotland fitted them together. Marble and mahogany were freighted from the coast over the tortuous Sierra trails. Silver from their own mine was hammered into doorknobs and hinges. The cost of building the mansion ran to $300,000.

Suitable furnishings for such a splendid home could come only from Europe, decided Eilley; so they planned a grand European shopping tour. Sandy treated their friends to a farewell banquet at the International Hotel in Virginia City, with such delicacies as caviar, truffles, and champagne, ordered from San Francisco for the occasion. In response to the many toasts, Sandy made a speech:

"I was among the first to come to this here country, and I've had powerful good luck. I've got money to throw at the birds. There's not much around here to spend money on and not many sights to see, so we are going to Europe. I hope you'll all join in and drink Mrs. Bowers' health. There is plenty of champagne, and money is no object."

When Sandy and Eilley left, they took with them bullion from their mine which San Francisco silversmiths had converted into an elaborate dinner service for Queen Victoria. Accounts differ as whether Eilley was actually presented at the English court, as the Queen's feeling toward divorced persons was well known. But Eilley liked to show off an elegant gown she had bought for the occasion, and always implied that the Queen had given her ivy cuttings from the walls of Windsor Castle for the mansion in Carson Valley.

Eilley visited her family in Scotland and spent money on them liberally. Then she and Sandy went to Paris, where she bought clothes that a fairy godmother might produce—silks, satins, brocades, and velvets.

They went to Belgium for specially woven rugs and carpets and hand-made lace curtains; to Italy for vases and statues, Venetian mirrors and ornate oil paintings in massive gold frames. They ordered a library of hand-tooled leather-bound books with their name inscribed in gold on each volume. They had hand-carved furniture made to order. The $250,000 with which they had left home was augmented by additional drafts to cover their purchases.

While the Civil War raged in the States, financed for the Union by the Comstock silver, the Bowers spent a year and a half in a triumphal tour of Europe, spending lavishly and often in bad taste, frequently bilked and overcharged in their ignorance. *(Continued on page 35)*

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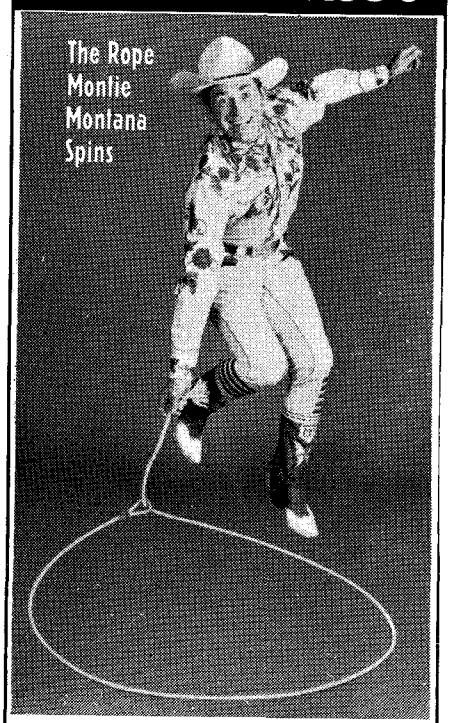

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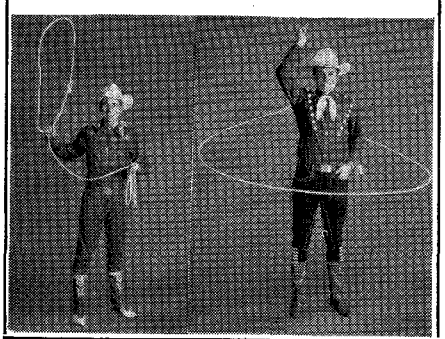

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When Cooper Wright Met the Mob

(Continued from page 13)

"They just gave me a laugh. I stood and glared right back at them. Tuck was pretty pale, looked kinder scared. He knew I hadn't had any use for him ever since he skinned a farmer out of his rent money. Nothing legal I could accuse him of, but damn crooked. Well, I stood my ground, staring at them until there was a lot of yelling over toward the jail.

"That yelling made the fellows in there with me a mite careless. The ones that were standing up broke for the window to try and see. Tuck got up out of the chair and that's when I made a grab for it. Tuck fell over like a dead beef when I laid that chair up beside his head. That broke the chair, just what I needed. One hickory leg of the old chair made as dandy a shillelagh as any Irishman ever wanted.

"I tapped each man as he turned from the window, gave him a nice lovin' tap with my hickory club. Piled them all up and then tended to Tuck again, for he was showing interest in things.

"Sounded like all hell was broke loose, from the yelling outside. I put my boot heel on Rod's belly to lift me up high enough to get a good swing out the window. Hickory stick and a good kick, then I was out that window and dropped to the ground.

"'Course the fellows out there had my six-shooter, but I had took care of little things like that soon after I was elected sheriff.

"I had about a dozen .44 Winchesters planted in the right places over town. Six-shooters didn't amount to much. Everybody had a six-shooter. But them .44 Winchesters was the wickedest guns in the country. I always kept them oiled, loaded, and in shape. I never was very far from a .44 Winchester.

"I ran into Jake Lewis' store, grabbed a gun I had hid back there. Before anybody knew it, I was right in the middle of that mob. Them men had run a log from the woodpile out the top bar of the jail window across to a post-oak limb and were just starting to pull Joe Jessup up. Had even took my hangman's rope that had done duty in two legal hangings.

"Somebody yelled, 'There is Cooper Wright,' but I yelled louder than that. 'Turn loose, you-son-of-bitches! You're not going to hang a man, not while I am sheriff.'

"There was about twenty men had hold of that rope. They turned loose plenty quick when I went down the line prodding them in the neck with the Winchester. Turned loose just like a steer will give way when you poke him with the prod.

"Joe fell down plenty limp. I saw then the rope was tied in a hangman's knot. All hell couldn't loosen that rope, and I was destitute of a knife.

"'Somebody give me a knife. Quick!' I didn't speak a bit gentle or soft.

"Jess Young, the city marshal, was standing there, all dressed up in a new uniform, first uniform I ever saw in Texas.

"'Cut that rope,' I told him. 'Damn you—cut that rope quick!' If I didn't have any more nerve and guts than you have, I'd pull that uniform off and throw it in the well!'

"'Bout the time we got the rope loose on Joe Jessup's neck, John King, the county attorney, started to make a speech about law and order. I told him to save his talk till election time; said he would need it then. Then I made him help carry Joe over to Doc Crew's office back of the drugstore.

"Doc took good care of Joe, had him up in a few days and back in jail. Wasn't any more excitement. The judge knew he never could get a jury in that county, so he changed the venue over to Gray.

"Jury gave Joe ten years, but then the damn governor pardoned him after three or four years.

"Ma Jessup died the next winter, took down with grippe first and then had pneumonia. Kate and the boy drifted off somewhere; hope it was somewhere where folks didn't know nothing about them.

"Funny thing, though. You know what? That next election was the first time I ever run for office without an opponent. Whole damn county voted for me, too!"

One Man's Blizzard

(Continued from page 11)

finally dumped me heavily when he went to his knees. Now I had a damaged shoulder, which had struck a rock. But the job on the fence was done, and I could fight the pain with heat.

Next two days were hell a-plenty. My grub ran out, except for two rounds of batter cakes and a taste of sugar to sweeten. From here on in I was a child of destiny. The stock had hay; all I had was an empty belly. Then I came to life. High time! I grabbed my 30-30 and took off for the corral. With fire, I could have young veal.

I'd hardly reached the cows when I heard the roar of a plane. I looked up and saw the pilot dip a "Howdy." Then I saw sacks dropping toward me. There were beans and canned goods. Swathed in sweaters were two bottles of brandy. A note attached to one of the sacks read: "Sorry, Bill. We can't help the weather. Keep chin up. Good luck."

A week later the wind died, the sun shone, the mercury soared. Life was good again.

"Only when I put my hat on!"

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Truly Western

OLD-TIMERS' CORRAL

Editor TRULY WESTERN:

I have just received the April issue of TRUE WEST; the mails out here are not too good. I have a word to say on this Kid Curry controversy.

Over 50 years ago, I was working for a cow outfit near Chinook, Montana, that was known as the Wineglass outfit. I started out right after breakfast one morning to look for some strayed horses. I rode all day without seeing nary a one. At dark, I saw a likely spot to make camp in a creek bed lined with trees, and turned my horse in that direction. Presently I saw the glint of a fire, and discovered four men camped in the creek bed. The camp was real shipshape —horses hobbled, Winchesters stacked against a willow pole resting in two forked sticks driven into the ground.

The four men watched me in silence as I rode up; then one of them barked: "Hit the grit, kid! Who are you and what the hell are you looking for?"

"Horses," I replied, "Wineglass outfit."

The big fellow walked over to inspect the Wineglass brand on my horse, ran his hand over it, and grunted. "Got any smoking tobacco?" he asked next.

I said sure, and handed over my sack of Bull Durham. He kind of grinned at that, and invited me to stay and have supper. We ate beans, sowbelly, coffee and baking powder biscuits. I stayed with them all night, and left early in the morning after being warned to say nothing of meeting the Kid Curry gang. There were only four men, and I can only guess that they were Kid Curry, Dutch Henry, Harvey Logan, and The Sundance Kid.

This happened to me in the year 1900 or 1901; I can't swear to the year.

Now in the book on Colonel Faucett —a gent who went to Brazil, got himself lost, and who has since been reputed to have taken over a job as a chief in some Indian tribe—his nephew who wrote the book clearly states that they met an American gunman in Bolivia who went under the name of Harvey Logan. Later on, the news drifted up from South America that this so-called Kid Curry gang was wiped out by a bunch of soldiers or *rurales* when they attempted to hold up a pay train carrying money for the employees of a tin mine. This occurred at a place called San Vicente.

This is the truth as I know it. I am now over 71 years of age and I have no axe to grind. I have done most everything a man can do and still keep his self-respect. I have been a Canadian policeman as well as a soldier, and was wounded at the third battle of Ypres, June 3, 1916. I have been a game warden in northern British Columbia, and later —as a deputy sheriff—went through the awful San Francisco fire and earthquake of 1906. I belong to Avalon Post 137 of the American Legion, and damn proud of it!

Now for some more reminiscences of the West, if you can bear with me a little longer:

The only Big Nose George that I ever heard of was the man pictured by Charlie Russell as holding up the Deadwood Stage. (I met Charlie in a saloon in Butte, Montana, in the year 1902. I clearly remember the red sash he wore, as being unusual. I never saw anybody else wearing one).

The hottest town I was ever in was Havre, Montana. Shorty Young was the local big shot. Shorty owned all the red joints and cribs. It was plumb dangerous for a gent to walk down the main street for fear some dame would grab you and haul you through her door by main strength and eagerness. Those were the days! Men were men and women were glad of it. No one ever heard of an income tax collector. There were no stinking automobiles, but plenty of damn fine horses. Plenty of poker chips, plenty of jobs, plenty of excitement. What more could a man want?

I still get some excitement down here in British East Africa. All the Mau Mau terrorists have just about been cleaned up, but it took half the British Army to do it. I could say a lot more but won't.

I am shortly going down to my spread in Northern Rhodesia, known as the Circle Diamond Ranch, Kantawa, Great North Road. Postoffice: Kapiri, Mposhi, Brasmus & Fisher, Private Bag.

If you care to drop me a line, I shall be glad to hear from you. I wish you all the very best. Your magazine is aces. If you want to shoot lion, elephant, rhino, sable or roan, come out and visit me. *Adios Amigos*—George R. L. Semple Fisher, G.M.V.

TRUE WEST is Heap Big Medicine in the Alaskan Bush!

To the Editor of TRUE WEST:

While up in the wild lakes country this year, I heard about Joe Spence—a real old-time Indian story teller. These story tellers were actually "walking books" in the old days. They would walk or paddle into an Indian camp and receive the best of food and anything else they might need. In the evening, they would stand beside a leaping campfire and chant their stories; folk lore, news, and just plain gossip carried from camp to camp.

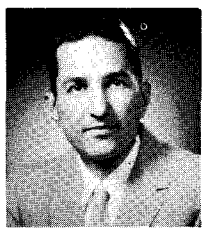
Joe Spence surprised me when I met him, because he was wearing a pair of Chippewa lumberjack boots instead of moccasins or the usual shoe-packs from the trading posts. When I asked him about the boots, he said that he'd worn them for years because the "Walking Spirit" of the lumberjacks came to him through the boots and helped him cover "heap ground" during the day.

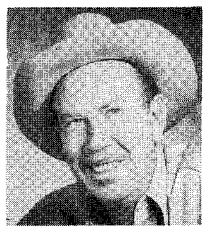
Another thing that surprised me was the battered copy of TRUE WEST magazine Joe carried in his pack. This too had to do with spirits, as Joe could not read a word. But always before starting a story, that old Indian would rub his hands over his copy of TRUE WEST and mumble some strange incantation in the Kootchin tongue. "The big story talk of the white man comes to me from this book," he told me. Hell, mebbe it did, for all I know! These old story-

(Continued on page 46)

MERRY XMAS!

You folks have been asking what us cantankerous rapscallions look like here at TRUE WEST. So, at the risk of exciting prospective collectors of WANTED photos, we're running our pix. Sure, sure—we expect a decline in advertising, subscriptions and newsstand sales, so please take a good look—we won't risk it again soon. . .


Joe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CHARLES M. RUSSELL (Self-Portrait)

16 American Indian Group

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MOURNING HER WARRIOR DEAD
BATTLE OF THE REDMEN
WHEN ARROWS SPELLED DEATH
HIS HEART SLEEPS
RED MAN'S MEAT
NOBLEMAN OF THE PLAINS
RETURN OF THE WARRIORS
RUSSELL AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND
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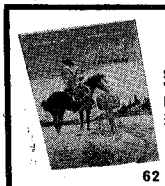

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Hole-in-the-Wall Gang

(Continued from page 10)

A heavy charge of No. 1 buckshot from Conductor Harrington's sawed-off shotgun riddled his right arm from the elbow down, knocking his six-shooter out of his hand, while his shot had only nicked Harrington's arm. The outlaw staggered backward, fell down the grade, and the train sped on. Finally he managed to find his six-shooter, then he staggered to his horses (a saddle and pack horse). They smelt the blood, for by that time he was bleeding badly, and his efforts to mount either horse failed. He wandered around in a daze and finally fell.

When the train reached the next station, Conductor Harrington wired the sheriff in Trinidad, Colorado, to form a posse to search for the outlaw, whether dead or alive. (Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth was a member of this posse.) Conductor Harrington also notified the crew of a freight train that was bound for Trinidad to keep a sharp lookout for the dead or badly wounded Black Jack Ketchum.

Then on the morning of August 17th, 1899, (it was just breaking day) a brakeman was mounted on the cupola of the caboose, and as they neared the scene of the attempted robbery, the brakeman sighted a man lying on the prairie about three hundred yards from the railroad grade. As they pulled up to the spot, he raised himself up and waved a bloody hat. The train stopped. The engineer (I believe his name was Chris Waller), the fireman, conductor and the brakeman went out to the wounded outlaw. As they got near, Black Jack throwed down on them with his bloody .45 Colt's six-shooter and ordered them to stop.

The engineer said, "You wouldn't call a man out here and shoot him, would you?" "No, I guess not," Black Jack said. "I'll die anyway and the buzzards will eat me." He was smeared with blood from head to foot and was lying in a big pool of bloody mud.

The trainmen carried him and put him aboard the caboose and made him as comfortable as possible. He was so weak from the loss of blood, he could hardly hold his head up. The enginemen mounted the engine and the engineer opened the throttle wide as the train made all possible speed toward Trinidad.

UPON the arrival of the freight train with the wounded outlaw, the posse train, which had been on a side-track awaiting the arrival of the freight, was called off. (By the way, Black Jack gave Chris Waller, the freight engineer, his beautiful pearl-handled .45 Colt six-shooter, belt and scabbard.) They took the wounded outlaw from the caboose and rushed him to the San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colo., where he was stripped of his bloody clothing, bathed and made ready for the operating room.

From the very first he contended that he would not permit his arm to be amputated, and it has not been done, notwithstanding a published report to the contrary. When told by the hospital surgeon that he would likely die unless the arm was removed, he coolly replied: "Let death come."

Wounded Bandit "Snapped" by Camera

TRINIDAD, COLO., AUG. 21, 1899.—George Stevens, the bandit wounded in the recent attempt to hold up the Colorado & Southern Train near Folsom, N. M., is still in the hospital here and his condition is most favorable. He got a fairly good night's rest, and was feeling better this morning. But his fever came up this afternoon, however, and he is not so well. Deputy Sheriff G. W. Titsworth, who has guarded the outlaw at night, secured Stevens' consent to have his picture taken. He disliked the idea at first, but after considerable coaxing consented to "sit." After breakfast this morning the officer came down town, secured a camera, and got several snap-shots of the train robber before and after he had been shaven. Although the officer had only a few minutes instruction in the art, he thinks he got some good photos.

No one has as yet identified the outlaw. Many believe him to be the original Black Jack Ketchum, leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws. He had a thoroughbred saddle horse and a pack horse tied a short distance from the scene of the attempted hold-up.

The robber says he is sorry that he shot mail clerk Bartlett. He warned Bartlett, he says, three times to keep his head inside the door, and the fourth time he shot only to frighten the clerk. The bullet struck an iron brace on the door and glanced and struck Bartlett in the jaw. The outlaw seems to have it in for Engineer Kirchgraber and Conductor Harrington. He says if Harrington had not stepped back in the car, he would have "fixed" him even though his right arm was useless.

The outlaw is a large, fine looking fellow. He is about six feet one and one-quarter inches tall and about 35 years of age. He is dark complexioned, has an intelligent face and a pair of bright, piercing dark eyes. (He still claims that his name is George Stevens.)

A few days before Deputy Sheriff Titsworth took Black Jack's picture, which was the means of the outlaw's identification, he had consented to have his arm amputated. Blood poisoning had set in and he said the pain was almost unbearable. He was prepared for the amputation and wheeled into the operating room, where Dr. John R. Espey was preparing to give him an anesthetic, which he flatly refused, saying "Go ahead, Doc, and chop her off." He watched while the surgeon amputated his arm. When it was over, he smiled and told the doctor he hoped he could do as much for him sometime. Then Deputies Titsworth, Lewis, and a few of the nurses wheeled him back to his room, where he was placed comfortably in bed.

McGinnis, another Member of Black Jack's "Hole in the Wall" gang of outlaws is captured.

CARLSBAD, N. M., AUGUST 17TH, 1899. Two strangers appeared at V. H. Lusk's camp twenty-five miles east of Carlsbad, Eddy County, N. M., on Wednesday evening, coming from an easterly direction, their saddle horses and a pack horse being jaded and bearing evidences of a long, hard ride. The men were heavily armed, and upon an invitation from Mr. Lusk to spend the night with him, said they had their camp outfit and would go out a mile or so where good grazing could be had for their horses.

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They inquired of the cattleman if there were any stray horses around. Being told that there were, the strangers rounded up one animal and said they would catch the others the next morning. They stated that they had lost many horses. Mr. Lusk, knowing that the strays were turned loose by horse thieves when about to be overtaken by a sheriff's posse, his suspicions were aroused. He sent one of his riders into town to inform the authorities. Sheriff Stewart gathered his posse, two men beside himself, and left for the Lusk Ranch, where they arrived about 4 a.m. Thursday morning and concealed themselves a short distance from Lusk's tent to await the appearance of the outlaws.

SHORTLY after daylight a man rode up to Lusk's Camp, mounted on one horse he had caught the night before and leading a second one, and on invitation of Lusk the man dismounted and went into the tent to eat breakfast. The posse waited a few minutes, then climbed through the fence and started for the tent when they were discovered by the outlaw, who immediately started for his Winchester which was in a scabbard on his saddle some twenty yards away and in the direction of the posse.

Sheriff Stewart commanded him to surrender, the answer being a shot from his six-shooter. He then turned to Lusk saying, "Did you notify these men?" Lusk had turned his back but the outlaw fired at him, the bullet striking Lusk's wrist, shattering the bone on one side, but Lusk kept retreating, having no gun.

McGinnis then ran to the other side of the tent and fired twice at the posse. The last shot struck Rufe Thomas while he was levelling his Winchester at the outlaw. The bullet struck Thomas' outstretched left arm, coming out near the arm-pit and entering the shoulder and lodging under the shoulder blade. Sheriff Stewart and his other deputy continued to shoot at the outlaw, who fell as if killed, and the outlaw said that a shot from Sheriff Stewart's rifle passed so close to his head as to stun him for a moment. He fell on his face but rose with one arm outstretched.

The officers advanced and the uninjured deputy held his Winchester on the outlaw as the sheriff undertook to search him. McGinnis had been examining his pistol, which he had stuffed into the waistband of his pants, supposing it to be empty. When Stewart got close to him, the outlaw struck him with his fist, hitting the Sheriff a stunning blow in the face, almost knocking him down, at the same time grabbing for the sheriff's six-shooter. But Sheriff Stewart hit him a heavy blow on the head with his gun, finally overpowering the outlaw and hog-tying him with a rope.

In the meantime Black Bob McManus, the other outlaw, was on top of a hill about three quarters of a mile away with two horses. The officers after the struggle found they had a very seriously wounded man on their hands and concluded to get him to Carlsbad as soon as possible, though had they abandoned him they might have given chase to the other outlaw at once. The officers reached Carlsbad, N. M., with their prisoner and badly wounded deputy about 9 o'clock that morning. The saddle horse ridden by the captured outlaw was branded ꝏ connected. The brand was given to Andy Jones of Sterling, Texas. The saddle was marked S H M on the seat and was supposed to have been owned by Sam Murray of Ozona, Texas.

The arms used by the outlaw were a .30-40 model 1895 Winchester and a .45 Colt's revolver. The Winchester scabbard was marked in plain gothic letters **JO YOUNWA**, the "N" inverted and indistinct. The Winchester is a new gun, having seen little use. McGinnis was about 30 years of age, dark complexioned, gray eyes, wore a small light moustache, and was about 5 feet, 10½ inches tall.

MR. G. W. MOORE, who ran a saloon in Elizabethtown, N. M., told Deputy Sheriff G. W. Titsworth that after the battle with the sheriff's posse in Turkey Creek Canyon, McGinnis (who was wounded four times) and Black Bob McManus went up a canyon, six or eight miles south of Elizabethtown, above a cattle ranch that was run by a Mrs. Witt, a widow. About three miles up that canyon from the ranch they concealed themselves, and got somebody to go to Elizabethtown for a doctor. Mr. Moore couldn't remember the doctor's name. He was a prospector and trapper, and had a little knowledge of medicine.

He attended the wounded outlaw (McGinnis) for about three or four weeks. People harbored them and got them provisions. The officer stated that "when the posse rode into Elizabethtown, people knew all about them, but nobody would tell us, through fear or otherwise." A short time after the battle, McGinnis was captured between three and four hundred miles away, down in Eddy County, New Mexico, by Sheriff Stewart. They could have ridden that four hundred miles on good horses in eight days very easily after McGinnis got well enough to ride that distance.

George Stevens Identified as Famous "Black Jack"

The man who stopped the Colorado and Southern Train near Folsom last week is Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, Notorious Outlaw, whose gang has terrorized the southwest for years

Ketchum and McGinnis taken to the New Mexico Penitentiary Today

TRINIDAD CHRONICLE NEWS, TRINIDAD, COLO., AUGUST 23RD, 1899.—McGinnis, a member of the gang of outlaws who held up the Colorado and Southern passenger train near Folsom, N. M. on a July night, and later was engaged in two fierce battles with sheriff's posses, resulting in three deaths

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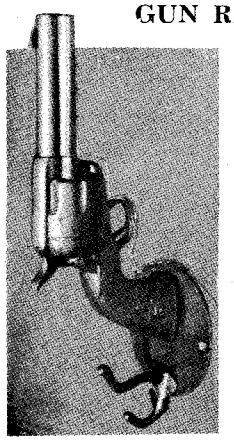

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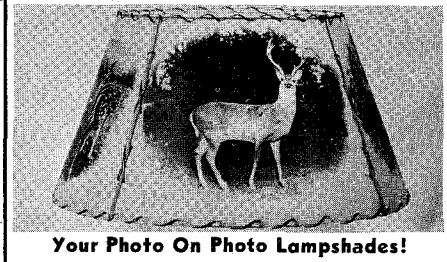

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and several badly wounded, was brought to Trinidad this morning and later taken to the penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M. McGinnis was captured on the morning of the 17th inst., on a ranch twenty-five miles from Carlsbad, N. M. Sheriff Stewart, of Carlsbad, who with two deputies effected McGinnis' arrest, brought the prisoner here. He was accompanied by United States Marshal Foraker and Deputy Marshal A. F. Codington, of Santa Fe, Special Agent Reno, of the Colorado & Southern, Sheriff Jeff Farr, of Walsenburg, Colo., (brother of Sheriff Ed. Farr who was killed in the Turkey Creek Canyon battle) and J. H. Hunt, a merchant of Cimarron, N. M. The party arrived over the Colorado road at 6 o'clock and departed at 10:30 a.m. for Santa Fe. McGinnis was kept in the county jail until almost train time.

McGinnis was identified by Mr. Hunt and others. When the officers went to Carlsbad for McGinnis, they took pictures of George Stevens, the outlaw who held up the "Texas Express" single-handed, Wednesday night, August 16th, 1899. Sheriff Stewart, who knew Tom Ketchum well, said that Stevens was none other than Black Jack. Others also said that the pictures are a correct likeness of the notorious outlaw.

Sheriff Stewart visited the prisoner at the hospital this morning and positively identified the man as Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum. Ketchum will be taken to the Santa Fe, N. M. penitentiary, on the same train with McGinnis. By the capture of Ketchum and McGinnis the gang that has borne the former's name, and terrorized the Southwest for years, has been broken up. But one outlaw of the four leaders (Black Bob McManus) is at large and the chances are that he will be captured before long.

Tom Ketchum (Black Jack) deliberately Shot down Keepers of a Store in Arizona. Requisitions Issued for his Return to Arizona—Outlaw's Life is Thought to be Ebbing Away

ASSOCIATED PRESS. The following special was sent to the Denver Republican last night: Santa Fe, N. M., August 25th, 1899.—Ezra L. McGinnis, who joined in the second robbery of a passenger train near Folsom, N. M. and Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, who was wounded in the third effort, waived examination and are held to answer a charge of interfering with the United States mails. They will be kept in the penitentiary here. Ketchum will probably soon die from the result of his wound. He did not know his brother Sam was dead nor of the second train robbery and battle in Turkey Creek Canyon when he attempted to hold-up the train "single-handed" at the same spot. His temperature is 103 today.

A brother of Sam and Tom Ketchum in San Angelo, Texas, supplied them with money to start in the cattle business in Idaho. The two outlaws sought their "old stomping ground" in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Utah and New Mexico, and after forming the Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws, continued to follow their hold-ups of trains, stores, banks, and stage-coaches.

JEROME, ARIZONA, AUG. 26TH, 1899.—The man who attempted to hold-up the express train near Folsom, N. M. on the night of August 16th, and was wounded and later captured, has been identified by the officers of this (Yavapai) County as the Camp Verde murderer and a requisition was made today for his return to Arizona. The accused proves to be Black Jack, who is now in the hands of the United States officers at Santa Fe, N. M. When captured, Black Jack had the hand-made purse, .45 Colt revolver, and when his saddle and pack horse were found, the saddle and blanket described minutely by those at the scene of the crime.

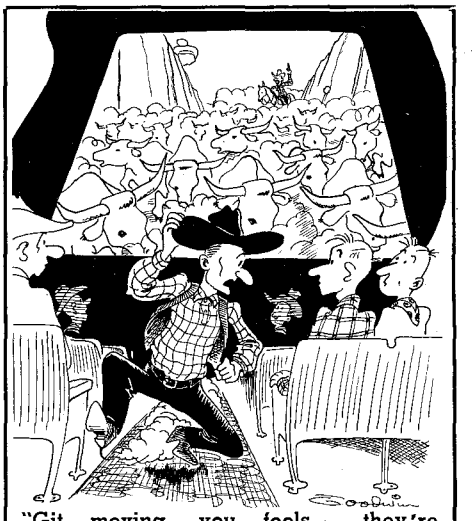
The officials state that the identification is firmly established. The murder for which Black Jack is wanted here is one of the most atrocious crimes known in the history of the Territory. On July 2nd, 1899, R. M. Rogers and Clinton Winfield were shot down in "cold blood" in an attempt to rob their store at Camp Verde. Sheriff Munds and a posse trailed him into New Mexico and Colorado, where, finally, his trail was lost.

NOTE: His horses (both thoroughbreds) drifted into a small town near Tex-line where they were caught. The saddle, a high-forked, center-fire, full-stamped, with twenty-eight inch tapaderos and bearskin saddle pockets, was a beautiful job. The Winchester scabbard was also full-hand-stamped. The Winchester, a model 1895, .30-40, was still in the scabbard. A beautiful Navajo blanket, chaps, and a thirty-five foot rope topped off his outfit. The saddle was covered with blood. His pack horse had the pack saddle on with canvas-panniers attached.

After his attempt to rob the C & S and being wounded in that attempt, and later captured and brought into Trinidad, he was searched. Besides the hand-made purse and .45 Cal. Colt revolver, a brass compass, a pearl-handle pocket knife and a fountain pen were taken from his pocket. He said that the pen had been used to write the history of the gang during its plundering through the west. He said that over 300 pages had already been written. He later gave the compass and pearl-handle pocket knife to Deputy Sheriff Titsworth.

Curious to See Outlaws

Women's curiosity to see and know things in general was nothing as compared to the desires of the male population of Trinidad to get a glimpse of the two train robbers the morning they were taken to the penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M. McGinnis was driven to the depot in a closed carriage and Ketchum was taken in an open spring wagon. He was lying on a cot and kept his face covered with his large white hat. It is estimated



"Git moving, you fools — they're nearly on us!"

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that more than 800 men, boys and a few women and girls were at the depot. The people crowded about the prisoners, almost suffocating Ketchum, and it was with some difficulty that the officers cleared the way to the car.

All were more than anxious to see Black Jack's face, and he finally told Sheriff Stewart that he would 'remove his hat and sit up if the crowd would contribute $5.00. The money was not forthcoming and the crowd went home greatly disappointed. Ketchum was placed in a baggage car, and just as the train started asked for a cantaloupe. He was quite sick up to that time.

A reporter for the *Trinidad Chronicle-News* endeavored to draw McGinnis into conversation but he politely declined to talk, other than to say that he was not wounded by the sheriff's posse near Carlsbad, N. M. "They hit me a few licks on the head with their guns, but no damage was done except breaking the skin on my forehead." He raised his hat and a large dark bump was visible. Several dimes and quarters were handed to him by those who sized him up. McGinnis stood the searching gaze of the crowd without flinching in the least, but refused to be Kodaked.

BLACK JACK WILL RECOVER
Sheriff Shields of Tom Green County, Texas, is in the city and talks of the notorious outlaw.
PLAYED —WITH KETCHUMS
when they were boys—He offers to bet a few boxes of cigars that Black Jack will not hang.
To Be Concluded In Next Issue

A Man Called Bat

(Continued from page 17)

son, a gun in either hand, held them off until Masterson could be removed from the hall.

Yet Bat was no trigger-happy killer. Invariably he tried to work out difficulties on a sensible man-to-man basis without gun-play, if at all possible. Veteran Kansans recall that the only time Masterson with death in his heart went gunning for a man was when he avenged his brother's murder in April of 1878.

ED MASTERSON, serving as marshal of Dodge in the temporary absence of Wyatt Earp, attempted to talk cowboys Jack Wagner and Alf Walker out of shooting up Front Street in old-time "hoorah" style. Walker and Wagner repaid Ed's consideration by blasting him down in cold blood.

Around the corner on Second Avenue, Bat Masterson heard the shots that mortally wounded his brother, and came running. He opened up at sixty feet and his first shot hit Wagner in the stomach and killed him. Walker got off one wild slug before Bat put him out of commission with bullets through his lung and right arm. Walker staggered into the Lone Star saloon and kept on going through the place and out the back door.

Confident that Walker was hard hit, Bat turned into Hoover's saloon where his brother had been carried. Ed died without regaining consciousness, his head in Bat's lap.

Walker managed to get down the Trail into Texas, where he died of pneumonia caused by the bullet hole through his lung.

Bat never mentioned that gun fight in later years except for one brief comment to Billy Dixon: "I couldn't have missed hitting Wagner and Walker that day. I never shot truer or faster in my life. Even if they'd drilled me through the heart, I'd still have got 'em both before I cashed in."

For a full month following Ed's murder, Bat Masterson strove to preserve order in Dodge, although his duties as sheriff of Ford County did not include keeping the peace in town. Single-handed, Bat did the best he could, holding down the lawless element until Marshal Earp returned from Texas on May 12. Wyatt and Bat were too tough a pair of aces for the gunmen to buck, and red-hot Dodge simmered down *pronto*.

After Marshal Earp arrived to bolster Sheriff Bat Masterson, nothing spectacular occurred in or around Dodge until September of 1878. In that month, the Cheyenne chiefs Dull Knife and Little Wolf, leading a band of three hundred followers, circled Dodge on their epic thousand-mile flight from an Oklahoma reservation to the Wyoming Powder River country they once called home.

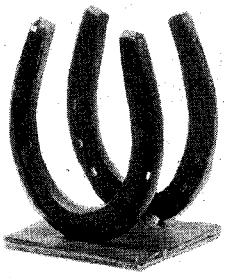
Sheriff Masterson was quite content to let the Cheyennes go their way in peace, but the cow-brained girls in the Front Street brothels somehow conceived the quaintly romantic notion that the soldier-harried warriors were sure to raid Dodge just to carry *them* off into captivity. The girls held a meeting and implored their customers and boyfriends to ride gallantly forth to save them from this fate worse than death.

The squalling wenches had their way. Much against his better judgment, Bat led out a ragtag posse of saddle bums, bar-flies, and a few Injun-hating Texas cowboys. Like Sheriff Masterson, none of the reputable citizens of Dodge wanted any part of the foolhardy expedition. If telegraphed reports from Oklahoma were correct, a hundred Dog Soldiers guarded the fleeing Cheyenne village—and no Indians on the Plains were tougher fighters than the members of that fanatic warrior society. Masterson had fought the Dog Soldiers at Adobe Walls and later while scouting for General Miles, and didn't relish the thought of meeting them again with a bunch of greenhorns.

The bold posse clattered down Front Street to the shrill cheers of the gaudy ladies of the evening, up before noon to see their heroes off. Bat was so disgusted that he kept his eyes straight ahead until the posse reached the edge of town.

ONCE on the open prairie, Masterson waved his arm south and east toward the Arkansas River. If his fire-breathing Galahads wanted Indians, damn their dirty hides, there was the logical place to look!

Incredibly, the outfit of bums and braggarts blundered smack into the band of fugitive Cheyennes that had successfully eluded or escaped hundreds of cavalrymen in their swift flight northward from Darlington Reservation in Oklahoma. The Indians materialized suddenly out of the low, rolling hills along the river: women and kids atop skinny ponies, wounded braves, and exhausted and sick old people jolting painfully along behind the pack horses in travois, grim-faced warriors riding alertly in the lead.



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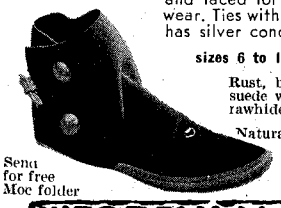
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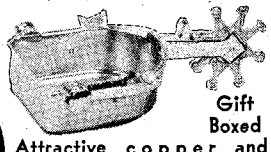
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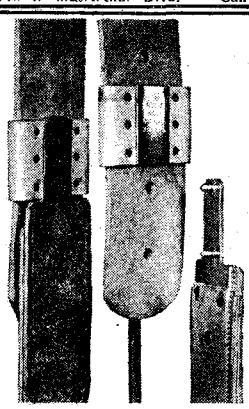

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Recovering rapidly from his shocked surprise at actually running into the Cheyennes, Masterson shouted warningly to his eager crew, "Don't rush 'em—let 'em through!"

The sheriff might just as well have called to the prairie wind. The girls back in Dodge wanted Injun scalps, didn't they? *Hi-yippy-yi—here we go!*

The Dog Soldiers met the posse's ragged charge with a single withering volley that emptied a dozen saddles—then they charged in turn, yelling the blood-chilling Cheyenne scalp-cry. The terrified whites didn't wait to meet them in combat—they whirled their horses in panic and high-tailed it back toward Dodge as fast as they could quirt their mounts. The weary Indians didn't bother to chase them. Bat turned in his saddle to watch them disappear—hunted, haggard, infinitely pathetic—into the north. Troubled and thoughtful, the sheriff jogged back to town behind his shattered posse.

Several weeks after the Cheyenne scare, Bat and Wyatt Earp were called early one morning to handle a bizarre murder case. Dora Hand, an attractive singer and protege of Mayor James (Dog) Kelley, was knocked off while sleeping in a shack owned by Dog. The killer, a Texan named Kennedy, fired two bullets into the shack, hoping to kill Mayor Kelley, with whom he had had a row. One slug killed Dora Hand, the other lodged in the shack's floor. Not realizing his terrible mistake, Kennedy mounted his horse and hit the trail for Texas. Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson chased the murderer a hundred miles before getting into rifle range. They spotted the fugitive approaching a ford on the Cimarron River.

FIFTY yards away, Kennedy saw the posse and wheeled his horse to make a run for it. Masterson shot first, with his Winchester. Kennedy reeled in his saddle, but clutched the saddle-horn and hung on. Wyatt then dropped the horse with a bullet behind the foreleg.

The lawmen found that Bat's slug had shattered Kennedy's right arm. He was white with shock, but still defiant when they pulled him from beneath the dead horse.

"Did I get Kelley?" he asked at once.

Earp looked him straight in the eye. "You killed a woman, Dora Hand," the marshal said coldly. "Kelley wasn't even in the shack."

Kennedy turned to Bat Masterson. "You son-of-a-bitch!" he said bitterly. "You ought to have made a better shot than *that!*"

"Why, you murdering bastard," gasped Bat, "I did the best I *could!*"

Back in Dodge, big money showed for Kennedy and he was freed for "lack of evidence." Kennedy's father, a wealthy Texan, took his son back to Texas with him. Dodge never saw him again.

In 1879, Bat's term as sheriff expired and he drifted to Colorado. Restless as ever, he moved on to Tombstone in 1880 to join other noted gun-fighters who had made that wide-open Arizona mining town their headquarters. Wyatt Earp was there, and Doc Holliday, the icy-nerved, gun-slinging dentist. Luke Short, dubbed "The Undertakers' Friend" because of his neat habit of shooting a man between the eyes and thus not messing up the corpse, was another Tombstone resident.

Masterson didn't linger long in Tombstone. He moseyed on to Texas, and engaged the high-playing Texans in a marathon gambling session in Fort Worth. Winning himself a good stake, Bat journeyed back to Denver and opened a saloon and gambling club there. He remained in Denver until 1902, alternately dealing faro in his own place or bucking another man's game in a rival joint.

This aimless sort of life had long since palled on Bat, but he didn't know what else to do. Accordingly, he jumped at the chance to come East and serve as personal bodyguard to George Gould, the railroad tycoon, in New York City. New York later gave him an opportunity to start out in a new career—that of sports writer. Keenly interested in pugilism, he got himself a job as boxing writer on the *Morning Telegraph*. Bat displayed a natural talent for the sports end of the newspaper game, and eventually took over the editor's desk in his division on the *Telegraph*.

IN 1905, President Roosevelt appointed Masterson United States Deputy Marshal for the District of New York. Bat guarded the payrolls for the Gravesend race track until 1907, when he resigned his post. His sports-writing chores were blossoming into a big-time operation, and he was never happier in his life. Married now and a family man, the only fly in Bat's ointment were the screwballs who persisted in regarding him as a gunman and killer. Accused of cheating by a disgruntled loser in a poker game, Bat was arrested and deprived of his gun. Newspapers blasted him as a "gunfighting gambler and tough guy." It was reported in Manhattan sporting circles that Bat sued the *New York Globe* for libel and collected $3,500 damages in out-of-court settlement.

Another character pestered him for days, demanding to see the gun with which he had "killed all those men." Bat got rid of the pest by buying an old Colt in a pawnshop, filing twenty-two notches on the butt, and presenting it to him as a gift. The nut went away babbling with joy.

From 1907 to 1921 Masterson covered just about every big championship fight in the country, and became widely known as an outstanding expert in the complex art of sizing up the champs and leading contenders in each boxing division. His writing improved and developed with years and experience, acquired touches of wry philosophy and pungent wit. Bat made warm and lasting friendships with the sporting and theatrical greats of that colorful period, while never forgetting that he was "just an old-time buffalo hunter and boom-town sheriff, lucky to get off the Plains without getting killed."

Masterson died at his desk on October 25, 1921. Scrawled on a scratch-pad found at his elbow were these words—Bat's last amused and cynical comment on what he liked to refer to as "this grand, lousy, cock-eyed business of living":

> "There are many in this old world of ours who hold that things break about even for all of us. I have observed, for example, that we all get about the same amount of ice. The rich get it in the summertime and the poor get it in the winter."

Perfect exit lines, these, for Bat Masterson.

Courtesy Texas Rangers

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Cinderella of the Comstock Lode

(Continued from page 27)

In May of 1862, they sailed for home on the S.S. *Persia*. When, during the voyage, the mother of a day-old baby died, Eilley and Sandy adopted the little girl, naming her "Persia" after the ship on which she was born. With a baby in her arms again, Eilley was supremely happy.

At home once more, Sandy returned to the mine and Eilley plunged into a busy, satisfying life, caring for the baby and arranging her magnificent European treasures in the big stone house. They entertained extravagantly, for Sandy's hospitality was famous. He enjoyed having his old friends around him, ready always to share his stock of imported liquors or to grubstake a prospector.

Eilley lived like a queen. She dressed herself in her Paris gowns and heavy gold jewelry, and received her friends from a throne-like chair, graciously accepting their compliments on the splendor of her home and its sumptuous furnishings. On the lawn, water sprayed from marble fountains into pools lined with Spanish tile. A big glass-covered conservatory held tropical plants and exotic flowers in marble urns. Canaries sang in cages throughout the house, and an enormous crimson macaw added atmosphere from his perch in the garden.

Eilley drove around the countryside in a fine carriage with a coachman and a footman, bearing food and clothing to the needy. It was hard to realize that only a few short years before, she had been washing the miners' clothes in the same hot springs which now furnished water for her bathroom and swimming pool!

LIFE was sweet; Cinderella was enjoying her night at the ball. But the clock was moving inexorably toward the appointed hour. Production at the mines began to fall off. A severe winter with deep snows was followed by heavy spring rains which flooded their mill at the mine and wrecked the machinery. Sandy put in long hours to repair the damage, and the overwork and exposure made him an easy victim for "lung fever." He died in April, 1868, at the age of thirty-eight.

Sandy had always handled all the business arrangements, but unfortunately he had not proved equal to the problems which had arisen. He had made bad investments and worthless loans, given mortgages, and sold his mine stock until he had lost the controlling interest. Although their little claim had produced approximately $1,200,000, his estate at the time of his death was appraised by the court at only $88,998.

Eilley wasted no valuable time in self-pity. She felt sure her mine would "come in" again, and in the meantime she made the best of things as they were. She advertised in the newspapers for visitors to call at her "well known house" and offered to serve them excellent meals. She thought of using the place as a resort, competing with the big hotels, so she added a third story of eight small bedrooms to the house. In the spring of 1874, she opened her new venture with "The First Grand Annual Rural Entertainment of the Pacific Coast Pioneers," the Pioneers being a recently formed social organization. For the occasion, the Virginia and Truckee Railroad built a platform for the loading and unloading of passengers at the mansion and a mile-long wooden sidewalk across the meadow to the grounds. Five locomotives pulling twenty flat cars crowded with eager picnickers left Virginia City, where the business houses closed for the big day. At Gold Hill, more cars joined the train and more were added at every stop. Four thousand people crowded the property.

The ladies played croquet, and some of the more energetic entered archery contests. The children played on the swings or in the pools. The National Guard gave target-shooting exhibitions, and there was dancing in the newly added pavilion at the side of the house. Eilley thrilled to the gaiety and excitement of it all. She was still the hostess in her beautiful mansion, even though her guests now paid. Her financial troubles seemed to be over.

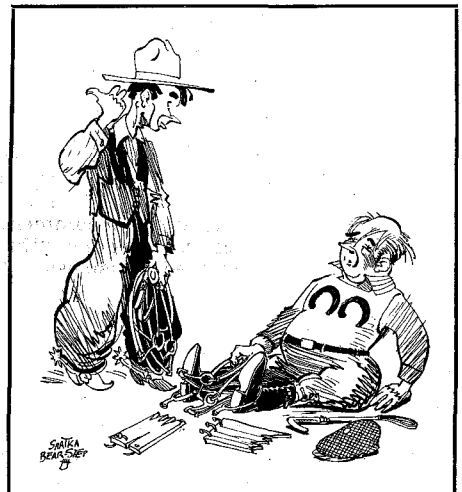
Persia, the well-loved child of Eilley's heart, died suddenly at the age of twelve. She was buried beside Sandy on the hill behind the big house. Eilley had the bodies of her two babies brought from Gold Hill and placed beside her so that all her loved ones were together.

Stunned with grief, Eilley struggled on alone. Her grand "resort" was not the financial success she had expected. Competition appeared in the form of wrestling bouts, bear hunts, horse racing in the sagebrush, and cockfights. Eilley borrowed more money and made further improvements. She even sold a portion of the original acreage, but her creditors were too numerous to hold off for long. She was ordered to surrender immediate possession of her beloved mansion.

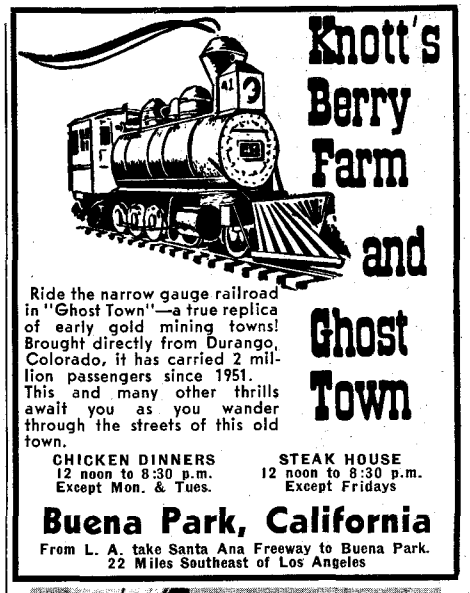
Middle-aged now, thick and stocky in build, with her once-fine clothes ill fitting and out of style, Eilley moved to Virginia City to live with a friend.

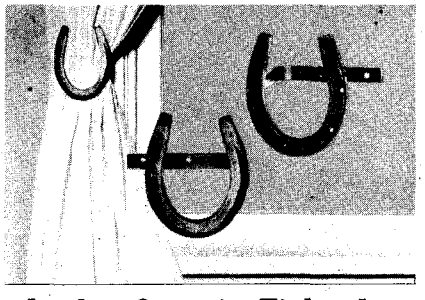
THE problem of earning a living became acute. During her years in the locality she had gained quite a reputation as a seeress gifted with "second sight." She had often told miners where to dig ore and had foretold fires in the mines and other events which seemed verified by later happenings. Now she lived on what she could earn telling fortunes with cards and a crystal ball.

As conditions in the mines worsened and Virginia City declined, Eilley moved to Reno and then to San Francisco. Eventually, deafness forced her to give



"I almost forgot to tell you she sort of kicks with her front feet too."





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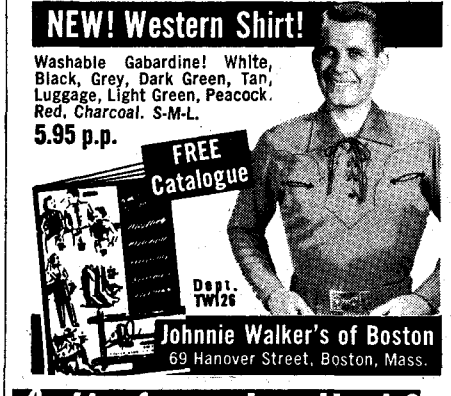

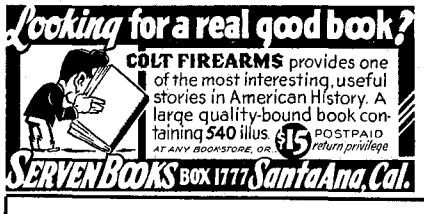

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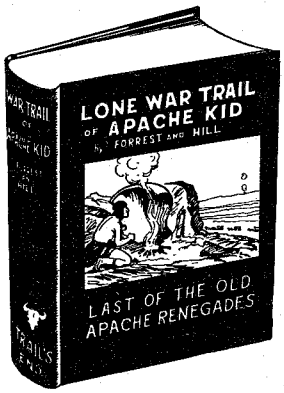

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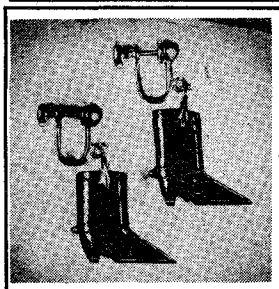

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up her soothsaying and she entered the Home of the King's Daughters in Oakland.

The Bowers mansion changed ownership ten times in sixteen years. Gradually it was stripped of its expensive furnishings, its doors removed and lugged off, its windows broken. A hunter, seeking shelter from a storm, kindled a fire in the middle of the dining-room floor and let it burn through to the cellar. The road in front of the estate was no longer used and the house was isolated—a pathetic, dilapidated ghost of its former glory.

Finally, a saloonkeeper in Reno bought it. He cleaned out the grounds and refurbished the house, planning to make it into a beer garden. He offered Eilley a suite of rooms where she might end her days amidst surroundings reminiscent of happier times.

But Eilley never saw her beloved home again. In 1903, at the age of 77, Eilley died, and her ashes were taken back to lie beside Sandy and her children on the hillside.

For more than forty years the estate served the community and surrounding towns as a recreational center, but with World War II patronage fell off. The men were away at war, the women busy with war work, and transportation practically nonexistent. The owner decided to close the grounds. It was at this critical point that the Reno Women's Civic Club took a hand. Funds were raised by popular subscription and the 56-acre tract was bought for a county park. The mansion is now being refurnished by donations of interested citizens in the style of Eilley's period. Only one exhibit is known to have belonged to Eilley—a piece of scarlet brocade—but there are many pictures on the walls of Sandy, Eilley, Persia, and her playmates. The great house is open to visitors, and it is a favorite stopping place with tourists who have made the trip to Virginia City.

So Eilley's story has a happy ending after all. Her dearest dream—that of genial guests and happy children filling her beautiful home—has come true. The bronze tablet outside the house tells it all.

BOWERS MANSION
Dedicated in Honor of the Sons and Daughters of Nevada, Veterans of World War II
Erected by Sandy Bowers and His Wife, Eilley Orrum
With the Gold and Silver from Their Mine on the Comstock
Purchased in 1946 by Popular Subscription and Washoe County as a Playground for the Children of the State.

How the Dutchman Got His Gold!

(Continued from page 21)

pronto! Certainly you couldn't expect to find the gold in some mine hole.

Amos Hawkins, a friend of mine who now lives in Florence, Arizona, punched cows on this mountain thirty years ago and knows as much about the trails and canyons in this area as any man living today. Amos and I found many things that led us to believe these trails converge in the near vicinity of Weaver's Needle and Blacktop Mountain. This is the region where, in December, 1931, Adolph Ruth was murdered. A cryptic message written in Latin was found on his body—a message overlooked by his killer or killers. It is my firm belief that Ruth had discovered one of the Peralta mines. Was he murdered because he wouldn't divulge the secret? *Quien sabe?*

On a large, flat-topped mountain north and east of Needle Mountain, one can still find bones of mules, pieces of old pack saddles, and mule shoes of Spanish make. Evidently these mules were driven there and killed and eaten by the Indians after the massacre of the party.

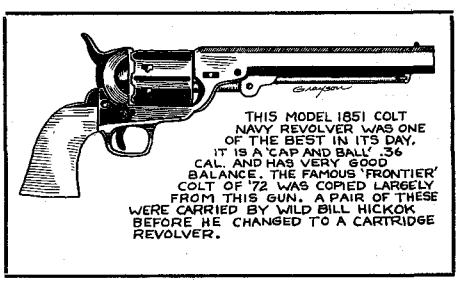
I make an average of about one trip a week into that part of the mountains where the old Peralta mines were hidden by the Apaches. Old trails converge in this area. An old well is located in this vicinity; also pits where the Peraltas made charcoal to sharpen their steel. Over the years, scores of prospectors have hunted for the Peralta mines; from the law of averages alone it seems reasonable to suppose that some of them found a mine. I believe some of them did—but they never got out of the mountains alive. This area does not exceed more than five square miles, but it is one of the most rugged spots you can find. Looking for these lost mines is like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack—only, in this instance, you can make it a needle in *two* haystacks. The mines are there, but well hidden. Cactus, cats-claw brush, ironwood, and *palo verde* trees are thick and nearly impossible to get through.

Such old-timers as John Spangler, Tim Timberly and his uncle before him, and Abe Reed, have spent seventy-five years in these mountains. Many other old-timers have spent years and money looking for these hidden mines and believe they are there.

PEDRO PERALTA hid a large amount of smelted gold and hid it well. I have ridden with old-time ranchers who are very skeptical about any hidden gold cache, but on an all-day ride you can catch them scanning every place that might contain a clue. You mention this to them, and all you get in reply is a sheepish grin.

There is absolutely no doubt in *my* mind that the gold is there. Some day, maybe after a flash flood, some lucky cuss will stumble on it. All classes of people look for it. Some come well equipped for a search, but most of them stay on the only two real trails that lead into the mountain. Some pack a small canteen of water and a little food. Others carry no water or food at all, but lug a heavy six-gun and a big knife, which is a lot of unnecessary weight. All have some kind of a map, which invariably turns out to be about as accurate as a map of the moon.

The right kind of search party will have a chance if they establish a base camp near where they wish to search. Such a party should not have over four members, and should have a guide that knows the mountain and where the hid-



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den water is. An overnight camp will not get the job done. If the party fails to find any gold, the trip is worth the money in health alone. City folks can develop a good appetite for camp grub and sweat off some of that lard!

I am not a writer; if I were, I would not be looking for these mines or helping others look for them. So *adios*—I'll see you some time in the future in the vicinity of Weaver's Needle. Until then, Good Luck!

Hanging of 38 Sioux

(Continued from page 15)

the heads of the Sioux. The swaying continued until the whole gallows quivered. Suddenly, then, each warrior began shouting his own name and that of a friend or relative, crying: "I'm here! I'm here!"

Marshal Redfield and Captain Burke, the chief of guards, then made a final survey to assure themselves that all was in readiness for the execution. Satisfied that everything was in order, Redfield motioned to Major Brown, the signal officer, to spring the trap. Then came a dull rolling of the drums, increasing in tempo faster and faster. The stays of the trap were knocked away, the rope cut, and with a spine-chilling crash down came the drop.

ONE rope broke, but not before the victim's neck had been broken. His body plunged down with a heavy thud to the boards below. There was no struggling by any of the Indians for a space of half a minute; the only movement of the dangling bodies was the natural vibration caused by the fall. A new rope was quickly obtained and placed around the neck of the man who had fallen, the rope thrown over the beam, and he was soon hanging with his thirty-seven companions.

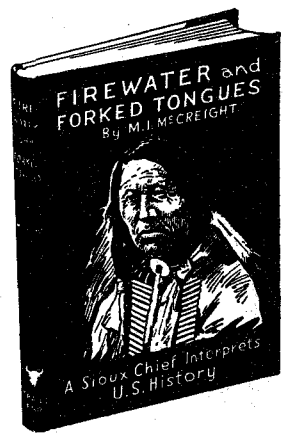
After the lapse of a minute, several of the Indians were seen to draw their legs up once or twice in a spasmodic movement; in others, there was a slight movement of the arms. One of the Sioux, after ten minutes, began showing signs of life. Captain Burke and a trooper made a quick adjustment of the noose, and life was soon extinct. It was a scene without parallel, an unforgettable display of justice in action.

When the bodies had hung for about half an hour, the physicians of the several regiments present laid stethoscopes to the chest of each. Then they reported to the Provost Marshal: "Sir, the thirty-eight Sioux are dead!"

Soon after, several Army wagons transported the bodies to a collective grave which had been dug on a sandbar just outside the town of Mankato. The half-breeds were buried at one end of the grave, so that their bodies might be easier located in case their friends or relatives wished to disinter them later.

Considering the tension that prevailed, this mass hanging was conducted in the most orderly manner possible. When the death wagons had borne the bodies away and the great throng was leaving the place of execution, many of the spectators turned to glance back at the grim gallows towering against the sky.

"I hope," said one man softly to his friend, "that such an awful scene will never again be witnessed in the United States."



FIREWATER AND FORKED TONGUES

By M. I. McCreight

Flying Hawk, nephew of Sitting Bull and a warrior in the Custer Fight, over a period of years dictated and thumb-printed his version of U.S. History to his friend, M. I. McCreight.

An indictment of the white man's treatment of the American Indian. The book covers many incidents of history from Cortez and Columbus down through the Wounded Knee affair in 1890. Particularly important is Flying Hawk's eye-witness account of the Custer Fight in 1876. The old Sioux Chief died in 1931.

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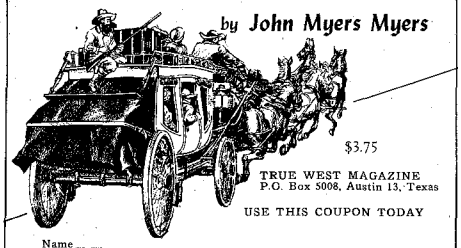

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Tilt With the Iron Horse

(Continued from page 20)

CHRIS EVANS had been one of the many settlers ruined when the railroad demanded an exorbitant price for their land. He had met John Sontag in Tulare, and soon discovered they had a common bond in their hatred of the railroad. Sontag, injured in a rail accident, claimed to have received outrageous treatment in the Southern Pacific's hospital at Sacramento. Doctors, on the other hand, called him a malingerer and discharged him before he was well. When he reapplied for the job, the railroad offered only jobs requiring able-bodied men—jobs which Sontag was physically unable to perform. Hence, Sontag's bitter hatred of the Southern Pacific.

Evans and Sontag left Visalia in a desperate hurry, laying the whip to the sheriff's team. They had no provisions, little money and ammunition. Friendly ranchers would offer shelter, but they had to help themselves first. Daringly, they doubled on their own trail and slipped back into Evans' house, after nightfall. Following a hasty dinner in the dark, Evans filled a gunny sack with food and took all the weapons and ammunition available. He kissed his family good-bye; then the fugitives prepared for flight.

"Stop, we've got you covered!" came a shout from the encircling darkness.

Evans and Sontag dropped behind their wagon, drawing their guns. Lawmen and fugitives traded shots briefly. An officer dropped, mortally hit, and his comrades stopped shooting to attend to him. Sontag and Evans escaped in the confusion.

Changing horses with friendly or unsuspecting ranchers, Evans and Sontag disappeared into the Sierra Nevada mountains. A hundred men scoured the bull pine and manzanita looking for them.

The Southern Pacific and Wells-Fargo raised the reward to $10,000, and more men took to the hunt. The chase continued, frantic but futile. Obviously, Evans and Sontag were receiving help from friends. Officers questioned Evans' family repeatedly, appearing at all hours to examine the house and property. One pair, armed with a steel spear, poked around the barn. They appeared with a bag of coins, the Peruvian silver of the Collis robbery, claiming they'd found it in Evans' yard. There were no impartial witnesses to the discovery.

The trail of George Sontag for his part in the Collis robbery added little to the known facts. Some people believed the fugitives guilty; others considered them victims of cruel circumstances. Public opinion was split down the middle. One note of comedy appeared in the trial, when Sontag's lawyer asked for a continuance on the grounds that material witnesses for the defense, Chris Evans and John Sontag, could not be found. Despite this novel request (which might well be granted in court today) George Sontag was sentenced to life imprisonment in Folsom Prison. Train robbery was then a capital offense.

Tips and false rumors took officers on long, fruitless treks into the hills. Manhunter Vernon Wilson, with two Apache trackers, arrived from Arizona. Wilson made no secret of his intention to kill the fugitives on sight.

EVA EVANS overheard this grim boast and managed to get a note to her father, describing Wilson and his Indian companions in the fullest detail.

Wilson and his Indians made the first real progress in tracking the fugitives. The Apaches were able to follow the faintest trail, but Evans and Sontag were crack mountain men and kept ahead of their pursuers. Provisions were low, and the hunted men circled toward Jim Young's cabin to obtain food.

It was near noon when they cautiously approached the cabin. Ed Mainwaring, an eccentric Englishman, was inside preparing lunch. He welcomed them to a meal. Evans and Sontag took turns standing guard, and soon Sontag sighted movement along the trail.

"Here they come, Chris," Sontag whispered. "Looks like Wilson—the man Eva wrote about."

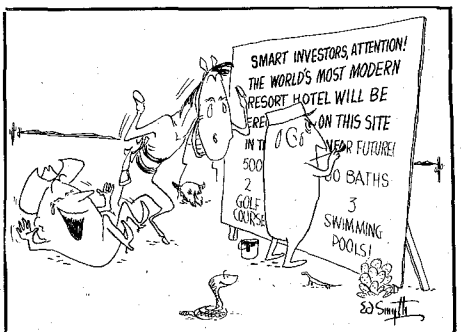
Evans warned Mainwaring, "You'll have to get out of here. We'll have to kill those blood-hunters or be killed!"

Nervously, the Englishman started for the door. Chris stopped him. "Take the water bucket and walk toward the spring. Don't look back, or toward the posse or I'll kill you myself."

Evans and Sontag watched Mainwaring walk slowly toward the spring at the edge of the clearing. The fugitives also observed Wilson and his nine companions watching Mainwaring. They conferred briefly, apparently assured Mainwaring was alone, and stepped into the clearing.

When Wilson was within twenty feet of the cabin, Sontag fired through the half-open door, killing Wilson. A second man, McGinnis, fell wounded at the shotgun blast. A bullet staggered Sontag; blood poured from his creased forehead. Another slug ripped through his arm. Sontag fired his shotgun one-handed, wounding another deputy. The posse scattered for cover, carrying off the mortally wounded McGinnis.

Again Evans and Sontag escaped. Now the rewards were altered to a grim "dead or alive" status, and the tempo of the manhunt increased. Many searchers roamed the hills, and eleven more men were wounded by trigger-happy manhunters. Incredibly, Evans and Sontag kept in touch with their family all this time from their hideout near Sampson's Flat. When they needed supplies, the men had only to contact one of the many isolated cabins scattered through the hills. Although enemies were plentiful, so also were friends. And Evans and Sontag knew this wild country as few men did. Brazenly, they sent word to authorities they'd had a fine Thanksgiving dinner, and listed the menu of trout, quail, and all the fixings. The lawmen reciprocated by sending word that George Sontag was on his way to prison.



"Aw, shut up!"

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Heavy snows blanketed the mountains, and the manhunt lapsed. Evans and Sontag settled in for a winter in the frozen high country.

Tension between the two hunted men came with the snows. Sontag was the first to show the strain of the loneliness and silence, becoming increasingly morose as the winter wore on. Evans—knowing that they might well be at each other's throats before spring if nothing was done to break the monotony—suggested they stage a jail break for George Sontag. John brightened at the suggestion.

Through Eva Evans, a messenger relayed the plan to George on visitors' day. George was all for it, and informed the messenger how guns and ammunition might be smuggled into the jail. He would recruit confederates from the other lifers, and together they'd go over the wall.

GUNS were smuggled into the prison. A few days later, prisoners working a quarry detail suddenly appeared with firearms, seized a guard and rushed toward the walls. With the guard as a shield, the four convicts were nearly free when the leader slipped on a rock and released the guard. The guard dived to one side, while his mates opened fire. The break washed out in blood, with three convicts killed, George Sontag and three others wounded. No guards were wounded.

Recovering from his wounds, George Sontag came up with a scheme to assure better treatment while in prison. George confessed to complicity in the Collis robbery (where three men were in evidence) and stated that Evans and his brother John had pulled the other robberies of Southern Pacific trains. True or not, George's statement coincided with what the lawmen had thought all along.

Chris Evans and John Sontag, still eluding capture, thought of revenge on their pursuers. Will Smith, the detective who had first approached the fugitives, planned to take the Visalia stage to Sequoia Mills on April 29, 1893. A last-minute delay forced him to take a later stage, thereby saving his life. The coach was stopped by a pair of heavily armed men as it labored up the narrow grade just beyond Camp Badger.

"Where's Smith?" Sontag called to the driver.

"Don't know. He was supposed to be aboard, but cancelled at the last minute."

Evans and Sontag motioned the four passengers from the stage, searched them, but returned money and valuables at once.

"We don't want money," Sontag said. "We never robbed anybody. We're looking only for officers—the ones that want that $10,000 blood money!"

The fugitives disappeared into the hills, and the hunt dragged on. Evans and Sontag appeared from time to time at the Evans' home, always managing to be there just when the lawmen were offguard. Clearly, they were being informed of every movement by the police.

A strong posse next went into the Stone Corral area where Evans and Sontag had been spotted. U. S. Marshal George Gard headed the group; his chief deputies were Hi Rapelje, Fred Jackson, and Tom Burns. The men saw no signs of the fugitives at the Stone Corral, and decided to camp for the night and rest the next day—Sunday.

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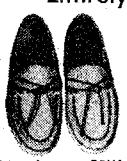

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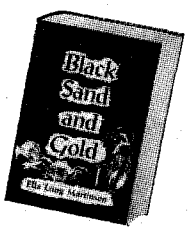

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Late the next afternoon, Rapelje spotted two men walking across the open meadow toward them. The posse had moved into an empty cabin during the heat of the day, and now each man seized his rifle and waited tensely at a window.

On came the two men, unaware of danger. Fred Jackson yelled suddenly: "That's them—Evans and Sontag!" The crack of his Winchester echoed his shout.

Evans staggered, dropped his rifle, and cried to Sontag, "John, I'm finished!" But Chris had underestimated himself. Though his left arm was shattered by Jackson's slug, he picked up his gun in his right hand and scrambled to a low pile of straw and manure about two hundred yards from the cabin. Sontag, already holed up behind the manure pile, was pumping shots at the cabin as fast as he could throw the lever of his rifle.

FRED JACKSON, whose shot had opened the ball, crawled from the cabin, hoping to get behind Evans and Sontag. He hadn't made twenty feet when a bullet shattered his ankle. Rapelje, who had also crawled from the cabin, opened up on the manure pile, and Jackson dragged himself to safety under the covering fire.

Rapelje continued to crawl, trying to gain a vantage point behind the outlaws. Sontag took a bullet through his right arm, but continued to shoot with his left. Another slug smashed through his right side, and Sontag collapsed. The wounded Evans, trying to help him, took a bullet across his back—a nine-inch gash within a fraction of his spine.

Sontag, desperately wounded, begged for water. His lips frothed with blood. "Shoot me through the head, Chris!" he implored. Evans looked closer at his comrade's wounds, raising his body above the low breastwork. A bullet disabled his right arm. A buckshot blast from Rapelje destroyed his right eye.

"Blood hunters . . . damned blood hunters . . . !" moaned Sontag. Painfully he raised his rifle, shooting wildly. Both of Evans' arms were useless. He struggled dazedly through the low weeds, trying to escape in the thickening dusk.

The posse had had enough for the night. They rescued the wounded Jackson and sat it out in the cabin until daybreak. Nobody suggested rushing the wounded outlaws in the darkness.

At dawn, the posse crept cautiously toward the manure pile barricade. They found Sontag still alive, but unconscious. A drink of whiskey revived him momentarily, but not enough to tell where Evans was—if he knew. Sontag was loaded into the wagon for the trip into Visalia.

The deputies followed Evans' bloody trail a few hundred yards, then gave up. The trail disappeared—apparently Evans had bound up his wounds and managed another incredible escape. Chris walked more than six miles that terrible night; his arms hanging useless, one eye shot out, his bullet-slashed back giving him constant agony. A widow and her son reported Evans staggered into their ranch late that night. He washed his wounds at their well and, believing no one at home, fell into a bed.

Weak from loss of blood, Chris Evans dickered with Widow Perkins and her son not to turn him in. They refused to make a deal with him, beyond agreeing that his wife would be given half the reward money. He was taken into custody and returned to Visalia at four in the morning. Four police officers held the curious onlookers under control as Chris Evans was delivered to jail.

Both Evans and Sontag were gravely wounded, but every effort was made to save their lives for trial. Some loose talk of lynching was heard, but nothing came of it.

THROUGHOUT their convalescence, awaiting trial on the charge of murdering Wilson and McGinnis at Young's cabin, Sontag and Evans stoutly denied any part in the robberies. Curiously, they were never charged with robbery. Sontag admitted he hated the railroad for their callous treatment of him after his injury. Seeing Smith, a railroad detective, coming to the door of Evans' cabin, he feared the detective would try to force some story from him about the robberies. Then, when Smith reached for his gun, Sontag fired. Both men maintained that the later killings were in defense of their lives.

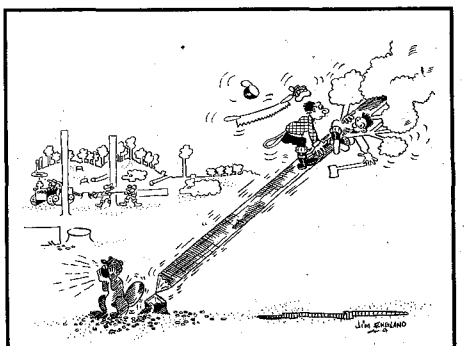
Evans, on his part, maintained the insulting of his young daughter prompted his action. "At the time, I had no fear of arrest, for I'd done nothing wrong," stated Chris.

Neither man had funds for adequate defense, and at that time there were no film companies to buy the story and provide a bundle of cash. So newspaper and theatrical interests combined to stage a melodrama titled *The Collis Train Robbery,* starring Eva Evans, daughter of Chris. The play—if such it could be called—was presented in San Francisco and turned out to be a hit.

John Sontag died of his wounds before the trial. Chris Evans, with money for good lawyers, put up a tough but losing battle. He was found guilty of murder, and life imprisonment recommended. In the light of the conflicting testimony given, the circumstantial evidence and hearsay allowed during the trial, it was the opinion of many unprejudiced observers that Evans should have been adjudged "not guilty."

Two weeks after Evans' conviction, on December 13, 1893, lawmen were mysteriously tipped that a train robbery was being planned at Porterville. Sheriffs, deputies, and railroad detectives boarded the train, ready to repulse the robbers. When the town was cleared of lawmen, Evans and a confederate produced six-guns and broke jail. He was free two months before being recaptured by officers who sent him word his family was in need. This time he was sent to grim Folsom Prison.

In 1911, Chris Evans, then sixty-four and in poor health, was paroled from Folsom by Governor Hiram Johnson,



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also an implacable foe of the Southern Pacific Railroad. He lived six years longer, with his faithful family, in Oregon. To the day of his death, Evans maintained he was not guilty of the train robberies but was forced into outlawry to protect his family and save his own life.

There are many who still agree with him.

Last of the Hatchetmen!

(Continued from page 25)

Little Pete had arrived in San Francisco in 1874 as a child of ten and had attended a Methodist Mission school, where he learned to speak fluent English and learn much of the white men's ways. By 1883 he had become a potent force in the Chinese community and remained so until 1897. Ostensibly he was a legitimate business man and operated a shoe factory on Washington Street. He carried on a profitable business, producing an excellent brand of footwear and had white "drummers" on the road canvassing the West Coast and badly underselling his competitors. The reason for this was that he employed virtual slave labor in his factory. The poor Chinese who cobbled for him for a few cents per day were well aware of his versatility with knife, gun and hatchet and gave him no trouble over wages, hours or working conditions.

OUTSIDE his legitimate business, however, was where Little Pete shone. He had a hand in kidnapping slave girls for ransom, dealt in opium dens and lotteries, pi gow and fan-tan parlors—and operated a slick little racket that preyed on competitive gambling houses. For instance, one of his operators—and he had them in San Diego, Los Angeles, Bakersfield, Stockton, Sacramento, Oakland, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle—would approach a fan-tan or pi gow game and toss down a folded five dollar bill as a bet against the house.

If the bet lost, the gambler would grab it up and pay off from a fistfull of fives creased between his fingers. If the bet won, the houseman would pick it up, unfold it and discover a $100 bill hidden inside. The gambler would insist he had made a bet of $105 and demand full payment. If there was an argument, the racketeer usually had only to whisper that he was Gi Sin Seer to settle matters in his favor.

After Quong Gow's death, the Suey Ons acted quickly. They dispatched three hired assassins to get Little Pete at once. Within half an hour they had traced him to a restaurant just off California Street and when he and his bodyguard emerged, they closed in. One of them thrust a revolver inches from Little Pete's chest and—Chinese fashion—shut his eyes tightly and pulled the trigger. Another swung a hatchet at Little Pete's head and saw it slash through the crown of his black hat.

Amazement widened the eyes of the pistoleer when he opened them and saw Little Pete still upright. The hatchet wielder also stared in disbelief. The black hat lay on the sidewalk with a gash in the crown but Little Pete's head was whole. Their frozen awe was their undoing. Little Pete's hatchet rose and fell twice, and they sank to the sidewalk.

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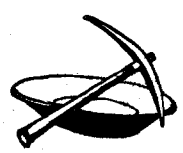

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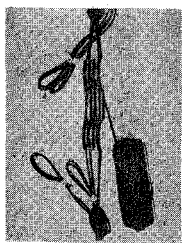

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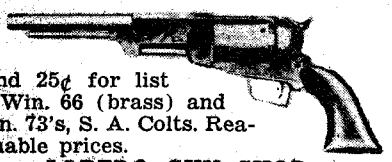

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The third man, holding a stomach ripped by the bodyguard's knife, tottered into an alley and found sanctuary where he gasped out the secret of Little Pete's amazing survival.

The hatchetman wore a steel skullcap and shirt of chain mail!

Feeling his rivals had now learned their lesson. Little Pete decided not to harass the tongs any further than was necessary to keep them in line, and transferred his activities elsewhere. At Bay Area race tracks he began to drop money where it would do him some good—into the hands of jockeys, trainers, touts and handlers. It was money to insure the outcome of certain races. Armed with this knowledge, he cleared something like $500,000 within the next five years.

It was not long, however, before he trod on the toes of important tong officials, since many of them played the races and several owned horses *in absentia*. So, once more Little Pete became the target of hired assassins. During the interim he had acquired the services of a white bodyguard, Ed Murray, but still ventured out only when wearing his steel skullcap and chain-mail vest. *But on January 23, 1897, he made an error of judgment!*

EACH Saturday night he visited a barber shop at 819 Washington Street, directly beneath his shoe factory, to have his head shaved and his queue rebraided. On this particular evening as he was about to enter the shop, he heard a newsboy on the next corner crying a paper and sent Murray after one. Then he entered the shop, removed his skullcap, settled back in the chair and relaxed.

From across the street two pairs of eyes had watched his every move and seconds later Chin Poy and Wing Sing, not professional hatchetmen but members of the See Yup society, entered the shop. One of them pulled a .45 revolver and shot Little Pete twice through the head and then, thrusting the muzzle under the top of the chain-mail vest, fired again. Both men then backed out the door and ran to the nearest corner and down Waverly Place before Ed Murray came racing back to find his employer dead.

Thus ended the career of the most notorious, most feared, and most hated hatchetman ever to operate in San Francisco's Chinatown. Other tong killings continued spasmodically until halted in 1922 by the cleverness of a San Francisco policeman, John L. Manion. His activities had already won him the fear and respect of the Chinese tongs and underworld characters alike before he pulled the coup that ended tong wars forever.

The six tongs by then had become the Six Companies of today, and Manion got them to agree to sign a non-aggression pact. The meeting was held in the ornate Chinese Peace Society rooms. Beneath the yellow silk of the Wo Ping Wooey banner they painted the agreement in black Chinese characters on vermilion paper.

It was a pact calling for the cessation of murder as a means of settling their differences of opinion. When the last official had affixed his signature, Manion suddenly reached across the table and picked up the document.

"I'll just keep this in a safe at headquarters," he told the startled officials. "Your attorneys will tell you that what you have just written and signed constitutes a confession of past murders and would, if offered as evidence in court, convict all of you of murder. If there is another tong killing in Chinatown, I'll place this in the hands of the public prosecutor and you'll all find yourselves in San Quentin."

The Chinese, silent for a moment, broke into delighted laughter. They congratulated Manion on his cleverness in outwitting them, and offered him a ceremonial cup of tea.

That was more than thirty years ago and there have been no tong killings since. There have been occasional murders but none to indicate a revival of tong warfare. Today, however, it takes only the slighest mention of tong war or highbinders to evoke from any San Franciscan a flood of reminiscences about Little Pete—the last of the hatchetmen.

One Against An Army

(Continued from page 24)

sent a shot after the running team, but missed. Some twenty men behind the stable now saw Flagg on his horse. As they grabbed their guns, several shouted:

"Stop and throw up your hands!"

The rancher-editor did just the opposite. He spurred his horse alongside the boy as several rifles cracked.

Flagg was unarmed, but his rifle was on the wagon running gears. As he drew beside it, he glanced over his shoulder and saw seven men riding after him.

"Hand me the rifle!" he shouted.

The boy complied.

"Now stop and cut one horse free!" shouted Flagg, whirling his mount as he spoke and drawing a bead on his pursuers.

The horsemen reined in. They did not know that Flagg had only three cartridges for his rifle.

The boy quickly cut one horse loose and sprang to its back. He and his stepfather raced away.

CHAMPION wrote in his notebook:

"It's about 3 o'clock now. There was a man in a buckboard and one on horseback just passed. They fired on them as they went by. I don't know if they killed them or not. I seen lots of men come out on horses on the other side of the river and take after them. I shot at the men in the stable just now; don't know if I got any or not. I must go and look again."

Major Walcott, Canton, and Smith,

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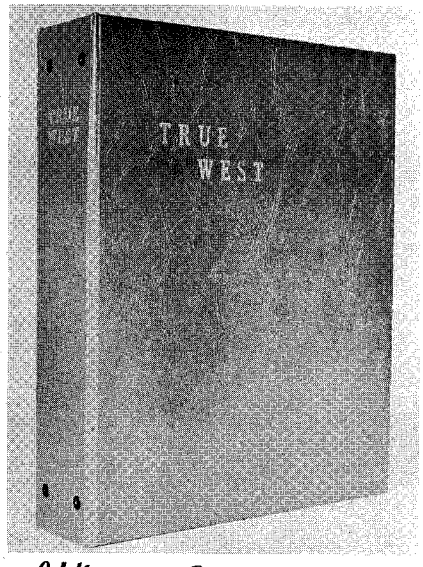

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the leaders of the "Regulators," realized they must act quickly. The man and boy would arouse the countryside.

The three leaders held a brief conference. Then, at their orders, several of the men rode to where Flagg's stepson had left the running gears and horse. They wheeled the vehicle behind the stable. There they unhitched the horse and loaded the running gears with hay and shavings. Meanwhile, other "Regulators" kept up their firing at the cabin.

Champion could not see what the men were doing with the running gears. But he saw more movement outside—beyond effective rifle range. Sensing a break in the pattern of the siege, he wrote:

"It don't look as if there is much show of my getting away. I see twelve or fifteen men. One looks like .... I don't know whether it is or not. I hope they did not catch them fellows that run over the bridge toward Smith's. They are shooting at the house now. If I had a pair of glasses I believe I would know some of the men. They are coming back. I've got to look out."

The men behind the stable ripped boards from that structure and logs from the fence to pile upon the hay and shavings on the wagon gears. They heaped in brush and pitch pine. Walcott and Smith passed orders for the rest to step up their fire to keep their prisoner pinned down.

During one brief break in the shooting, Champion scrawled hurriedly in his notebook:

"Well, they have just got through shelling the house like hail. I heard them splitting wood. I guess they are going to fire the house tonight. I think I will make a break when night comes. Shooting again."

The wagon gears were now loaded high with inflammables. A group of "Regulators" pushed them around the stable. Then Major Walcott, Tom Smith, John Tisdale, A. B. Clark, and James Dudley began to push the contraption toward the cabin, keeping behind the load so that it shielded them from Champion's shots.

THE vehicle's purpose was plain to Champion. He fired helplessly at it. Then, while bullets zinged through window apertures, splintered doors, and thudded into the thick walls, he dropped close to the floor, took out his notebook and wrote:

"Shooting again. I think they will fire the house this time. It's not night yet."

The five men drove the loaded wagon gears hard against the cabin. Someone darted up behind with a flaming brand, thrust it again and again into the brush, hay, and shavings.

The flames licked from the wagon onto the cabin. Its dry logs first smoldered slowly, sending clouds of smoke within. Champion was driven slowly across the house, dragging the body of Nick Ray with him to try to keep his dead comrade from the roasting fire.

Tongues of flame began to shoot upward from the cabin roof. There was loud cheering among the "Regulators." Gradually they moved their circle closer.

The north wall now was a sheet of flame. Champion's warning shots became fewer and fewer, then ceased altogether.

The word went around the circle: "Reckon he's burned up in there or shot himself. No fellow could stay in that hole a minute and be alive."

But Nate Champion was writing a

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final entry in the log of his last stand:

"The house is all fired. Goodbye, boys, if I never see you again. Nathan D. Champion."

Then, rifle in hand and loaded six-gun in his belt, he burst through the doorway on the south side of the house.

THERE was a ravine some fifty yards south of the cabin. He ran for it—head-on toward a line of Texas gunmen.

"There he goes!" shouted someone. There was a volley of perhaps fifty shots. Still Champion ran on. He raised his Winchester to reply to the fire, but before he could squeeze the trigger, a second volley roared.

Champion spun like a wobbly top, then fell, face up.

The "Regulators" were taking no chance. They fired shot after shot into the inert body. The undertaker later found twenty-eight slugs in the corpse.

Finally, they crowded around. One of the gang took the six-shooter and gun belt from the corpse as trophies. Tom Smith went through the dead man's pockets. He found the notebook, drenched in blood and drilled by a bullet. He read the entries, and scratched out the name of the man Champion had recognized.

Clover, the Chicago *Herald* correspondent, lettered "Cattle Thieves Beware" on a sheet of paper and buttoned it to Champion's vest.

The supply wagons had drawn up to the creek during the siege. Now, with the cabin still burning in the background, the "Regulators" ate a long-delayed meal. Then they rode on toward Buffalo.

Flagg and others had spread word of the invasion. Sheriff Angus was leading a posse of twelve men from Buffalo to the relief of the KC Ranch—little realizing how his posse was outnumbered. Flagg, his stepson, and three men from Grabing also headed back. They were joined by another dozen at Carr's Ranch.

When they reached the scene, they found only the riddled body of Champion and the smoldering cabin with the charred remains of Nick Ray on the blackened floor within.

Back in Buffalo, Arapahoe Brown and E. U. Snider were heading up another posse in the absence of the sheriff. By now, they realized they had to deal with a sizeable force. They deputized some two hundred men and rode out to intercept the invaders.

The "Regulators" got word of the defending army's advance, and holed up at the TA Ranch. They now became the besieged; their foes, the besiegers. On the second day of this battle, the Buffalo men sought to complete the turnabout. They rigged up a "go-devil," loaded it with dynamite captured from the "Regulators'" wagons, and were wheeling it toward the ranch house when three troops of cavalry from Fort McKinney rode up to stop the battle.

An emissary from the "Regulators" had ridden at breakneck speed to Casper, past the cut in the telegraph line, to flash the word to Acting Governor Amos W. Barber to call out the troops.

FORTY-FIVE of the "Regulators" surrendered to the cavalry. Eventually, they were turned over to the civil authorities, but to be lodged in Cheyenne instead of jailed in Buffalo. After long delay in bringing them to trial, they were released on the pretext that Johnson County could no longer bear the expense of their incarceration.

Jones and Walker, the two trappers who had witnessed the KC siege as prisoners of the invaders, were spirited out of the state.

But even while Johnson County's own "army" was besieging the "Regulators" at the TA Ranch, a vacant store building in Buffalo was packed with men and women come for the funeral of Nick Ray and Nathan Champion.

The Rev. M. A. Raden, a fire-eating Methodist preacher, who had proved his worth on the frontier by soundly thrashing a cattleman in a street fight, preached the funeral sermon.

"These men have been sent to eternity; we know not why," he said. "They were not criminals. They were of Christian parents."

One hundred and fifty mounted men rode in the funeral procession to the cemetery. There the bodies were lowered and earth mounded over each grave. And at the head of each was placed a little board, its only monument.

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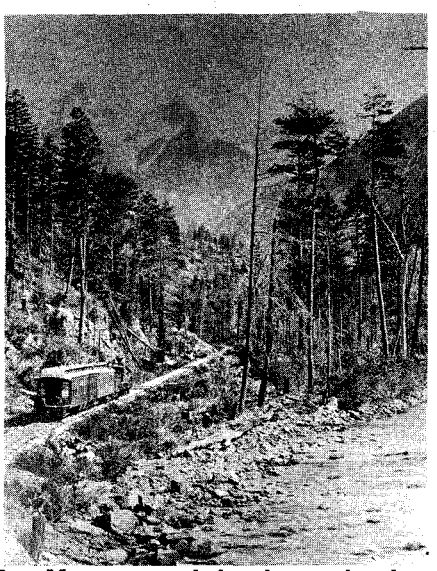

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By Gene Sperry

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(Continued on page 48)

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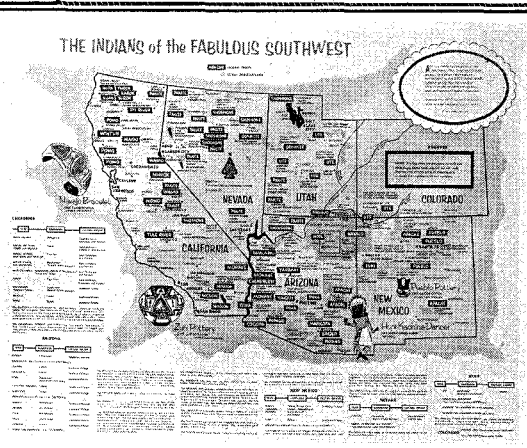

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Truly Western

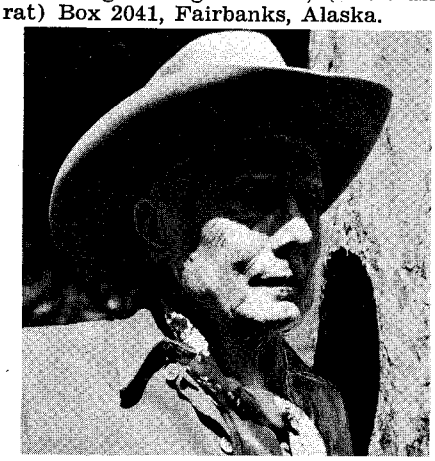
(Continued from page 29)

telling Indians can perform some weird magic—things that no white man has ever been able to explain.

Joe told me many strange things over the fire that night, but the one yarn that stuck in my mind was the story of Kootush-da-ka, the terrible Forest Being that is so horrible that if one should see him face to face, he'd die of fright!

Very seriously, he also told me about the Wild Men who come through the woods and kill, unless you put out food for them to eat. Most of the northern tribes believe in these Wild Men. Even the Eskimos, who are pretty level-headed as a rule, think that there are still wild Indians far back in the deep bush that will kill them on sight.

The way I figure it, these Wild Man stories are hangovers from the old days of bloodshed and war parties. That's what I tell myself in camp. But somehow when I get 'way back in the bush alone and night is coming on, I get to wondering—George J. Gale, (The Bushrat) Box 2041, Fairbanks, Alaska.



Joe Hamman

Cowboy Writer—Artist in France

Dear Mr. Gipson:

I just bought the last issue of TRUE WEST, and read it carefully from cover to cover. I liked it so much and found it so interesting that I'm ordering some back issues. TW is just the magazine I've been hunting for years and couldn't find. Thank you for such a splendid magazine, but why don't you publish it monthly? Two months is such a *long* time to wait!

I'm from far-off France, and I came to America as an artist to make pictures and drawings of the West and publish them in a book when I go back. Since a child, I have always dreamed of going to your American West, and it is only now that I have found it possible to realize my boyhood dream.

You may be surprised to know that one of the West's real old-timers is living in Paris, France. Joe Hamman was 18 years old when, in 1903, he went as an artist to the Pine Ridge Sioux Reservation in South Dakota to paint and draw Indian life, and to picture the last of the old-time Sioux chiefs, such as Red Cloud and Spotted Weasel. Joe was a native of France.

Later, Joe worked as a cowboy on the 44 Ranch in Montana. One day he met Buffalo Bill Cody, who invited him to his ranch on the Platte River. A couple of years later, Joe Hamman returned to France and started making the first Western movies in 1906, a series called "The Adventures of Arizona Bill." He turned out about 100 Western films in all.

Joe Hamman is still living in Paris, where he sponsors a riding and roping club as president. He is very active; writes, paints and draws for many different magazines on Western life and the good old days of the Old West.

Perhaps, among the readers of TRUE WEST, there are still some old cowboys from the 44 Ranch in Montana who remember "The Young Frenchman" Joe Hamman?

Another question: Can any of TRUE WEST'S readers tell me *with authority* if Buffalo Bill really killed the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand? When Joe Hamman asked the question of Buffalo Bill himself, he was answered: "Why, boy, don't you read the books that tell of my adventures?"—George Necer, c/o Dick Davis, Deseret, Utah.

Henry Starr—Gentleman Outlaw

Editor TRUE WEST:

After reading Mr. Glenn Shirley's article on Henry Starr in a back issue of TW and seeing how far from right he is, I cannot help but comment on it. I would like to know where he got his information.

There was not a family in the Cherokee Nation as well acquainted with Henry Starr and his mother as the Allen family, of which I am the youngest of five boys and two girls. My second oldest brother and Henry Starr were both born on January 22, 1873, and ran together as boys until Henry hit the outlaw trail. Many times, as a child, I have sat on Henry's mother's lap. She was a white woman, and his father was a full-blood Cherokee Indian.

Henry spent more time at our house than at home; especially after his mother married the second time. We were having it rough at this time; building a house on an Indian allotment owned by John and Betsy Captain twenty miles south of Coffeyville, Kansas. We did not have it finished, as my father was bedridden most of the time and all the family old enough was out working to make a living. Henry Starr came and helped my mother put the clapboards on the roof and lay the floor. He was then 16 years old. Two years later he was arrested for his first offense, and never returned to our home again.

I see that Glenn Shirley has Henry confused with the outlaw "queen" Belle Starr, as do most people who did not know him personally. Henry was no relation to Belle Starr. Belle was born in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. She married an outlaw by the name of Frank Starr, and was supposed to have run with Quantrell during the Civil War. The law made it hot for her, and she hid out in the Cherokee Nation. She was shot in the back and killed by a U.S. Marshal while her horse was drinking from a ford on Pryor Creek fifteen miles south of Vinita.

Henry *did* have a sister named Belle. She married a man named Mike Malone and lived in Nowata. This may be one reason for folks getting her confused with the outlaw Belle Starr.

I note in the February TW that Shy Osborn has the holster of Henry Starr, but does not know what became of the gun. That is something that probably

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no one will ever know. According to cashier Myers, who shot and killed Henry in his last bank holdup, the outlaw was not wearing a gun. Myers stated that if he had known Henry was not armed he would not have shot him.

The only man Henry Starr ever killed was ex-deputy U.S. Marshal Floyd Wilson. The Government had discharged Wilson, and he was out bounty hunting at the time of the gun fight with Starr. (As they met on the prairie with no spectators, my only source of information on this incident is Henry Starr's word and it can be taken for fact). It was a six-gun battle on horseback from start to finish. Henry finally shot Wilson from his horse, and started to ride off. Wilson was only wounded and crawled to his gun lying on the ground; so Henry shot him again and killed him.

Henry Starr was not the brutal killer that Mr. Shirley's description of the battle would indicate. Floyd Wilson was the only man he ever killed in his whole outlaw career, and that was done in self-defense.

In all the articles I have seen printed about Henry Starr, I have never seen his horse, Sleepy Tuck, mentioned. He rode this horse throughout his early career; a buckskin with zebra markings.

Mr. Shirley states that during the gun fight between Starr and Wilson, the horses were spooked. I cannot imagine Tuck being gun-shy, and Henry was riding Tuck when the fight occurred. If this *were* true, I know that Henry would never have mounted some other horse and ridden off and left Sleepy Tuck. He loved that horse. In one of his getaways, he rode Tuck 81 miles in less than ten hours. It was on account of Tuck's great endurance that Henry valued him so highly.

Henry was convicted and pardoned more times than any outlaw in history. I will dedicate this letter to the only gentleman outlaw I ever knew—Henry Starr!—F. M. Allen, 826 Chapman Street, Bakersfield, California.

Another Alaskan Views TRUE WEST

Dear Norm:

I was greatly interested in the suggestion of Jim Blair, Cardston, Alberta, in a recent issue of TW that you put your Indian Series in book form so we Wiltsey fans could keep them always. I know a lot of folks in Alaska, Canada, and the States would agree with me and Jim on this. You remember I suggested this to you myself in a letter last year, and at that time you replied that it might be tough getting a publisher to accept your Indian articles as a book. Well, Norm, all I can say is to repeat what I said then. Such a dumb publisher ought to *run*, not walk, to the office of the nearest head-shrinker and get his noggin examined. Why, I'll bet that 10,000 TRUE WEST readers alone would buy the book. Where else can you find short, dramatic, *authentic* histories of the Plains tribes? *Nowhere* else!

Getting back to the magazine in general: you gents are sparking it in good style again after getting off the beam for awhile. I don't want to knock any writer's work—God knows it's hard enough trying to write for publication without some blabber-mouth sounding off at you for every little mistake—but a few of the articles you printed read suspiciously like fiction—and mighty *poor* fiction at that! Glad to see you're back on the right track again. Keep it

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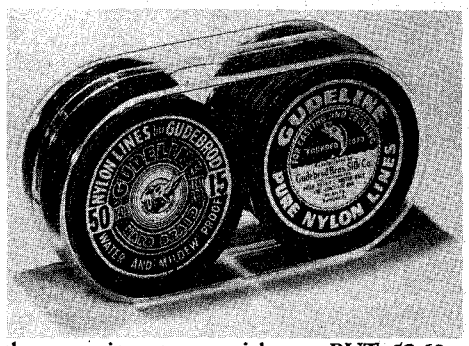

We've been eating loco weed here at WESTERN SPORTSMAN and may be temporarily off our rockers, but you can depend on this offer being guaranteed—no "catch" whatsoever!

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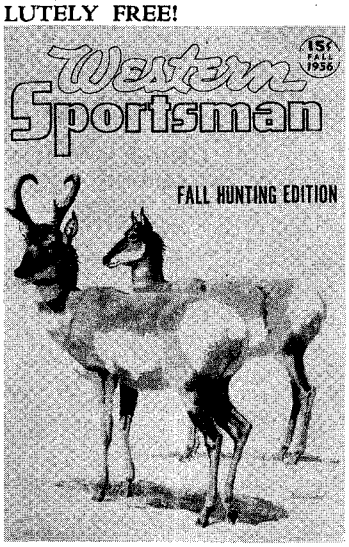

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mostly old West, with plenty of old photos and good illustrations—like those by Randy Steffen and Al Napoletano, for example. Then you *can't* go wrong.

Am looking forward eagerly to your forthcoming chapter on the Sioux. I say "chapter" advisedly, for some day sure as shootin' we TRUE WEST readers are going to have the chance to buy your great Indian Series in book form. Somewhere down the line you'll find a smart publisher, I'm dead sure. Best of good health and good luck to you and all the staff—Jack Weaver, Totem Lodge, Anchorage, Alaska.

Editor's Note: Since you've put the old finger on us, Jack, we'll let you in on a little secret. We have been told that we started a new brand of journalism when we launched TRUE WEST back in 1953. That's what we had in mind, of course, and we were a little uneasy over a continual, never-ending supply of material. After the first issue hit the stands, we were deluged with congratulatory letters—but nearly all of them expressed grave fear that we would run out of material in less than a year! Well, we sort of went "hog wild" and bought up nearly everything that came in for some time—even including stories that are off-trail for what TRUE WEST now is. By the time we realized that the source of even good material would be inexhaustible, we were piled so high with those "fast bought" articles that we had to make little trails through them to get around in our office! Well, almost . . .

We're using them up two or three to the issue. So when you read a story that you think isn't right down the old alley, remember the tears, warnings, concern and dire forebodings of our readers (and ourselves as well!) in those early days when we were spooked into accepting articles that we wouldn't consider TRUE WEST material now at all. We KNOW what you want now! When the oldies are gone, you'll get the straight stuff, boys—a heaping, steady diet of it!

Writer Replies to Critic

Editor TRULY WESTERN:

Well, the long, dry, busy summer is over here in West Texas, and I have time at last to catch up on some overdue letter writing.

Thanks to E. W. McIntosh, of Overbrook, Oklahoma, for his letter in the June TW containing corrections and additional data on "Arkansas" Tom Jones. Frankly, in my research for *Gun With a Story to Tell,* my concern was with Bill Doolin since it was Bill's "show" and Bill's gun that I own. As far as Tom Jones was concerned, he served his purpose to the story and I turned him over to lawmen Tilghman, Nix and Madsen to serve his time, make his movie, and take up horseshoe pitching, zither playing or just plain resting on his laurels. I automatically assumed that any damn fool put away behind prison bars that long would have learned his lesson and gone straight upon his release. But it seems it ain't so. All you budding writers, take notice. Let that be a lesson to you—never assume anything, get the *facts!*

Yes, I *do* love old guns, and I hope that friend McIntosh and I can get together some time and maybe swap guns, lies and small talk. Bet we could do plenty of all that stuff.—Shy Osborn, Cisco, Texas.

Request for Information

Editor TRUE WEST:

Does any reader of TRUE WEST know the names of some just ordinary scouts in Government service from 1865 to 1885? Also, some names of medical doctors in Government service who were stationed among the Indians of the West during those years? Some doctors may also have served as missionaries to the tribes during that time.

Does any reader know the name of an M.D. known as John Catron, John Carson or Cason? Was there a Government scout of that name?

I would deeply appreciate any information—Rodger Bellamy, 1304 Alabama Street, Silver City, New Mexico.

Mears' Marvelous Railroad

(Continued from page 45)

the engine was ahead of the train, but the cars were all pulled backwards.

It ran this way until reaching the turntable where the train stopped, the engine was uncoupled, ran onto the turntable, turned, pulled up and stopped. The train was then dropped down-grade across the turntable and stopped. Then the engine backed down and coupled onto the front end of the train.

Another wye was located at Albany and the same procedure was followed as before. Chief Engineer of the Silverton Railroad, C. W. Gibbs, claimed this was the most unique in railroad construction. The turntable was completely covered to protect it from heavy mountain snows. It was used from June 1889 until the road was abandoned in 1911 and no accidents ever occurred.

Coming Up!

(Continued from page 2)

"Big Winnie," Shirley M. Jones' heart-warming story of an "ol' gray plow horse" that escaped a slaughter house killing pen to become a famous rodeo performer, winds up the next issue in good style.

Except, we hasten to add, for The Old Bookaroos' Western Book Roundup AND the "Truly Western" department. The day we leave "Truly Western" out of TW will be the day we'll ALL be taking out for the hills!

See you later, Podner . . .

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (TITLE 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF TRUE WEST, published bi-monthly at Austin, Texas, with additional entry at Columbia, Missouri, for October 1, 1955.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas; Editor, Fred Gipson, P. O. Box 266, Mason, Texas; Managing editor, none; Business manager, none.

2. The owner is: Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

(Signed) JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1956.

A. D. Leshikar

(Seal)

(My commission expires June, 1957.)

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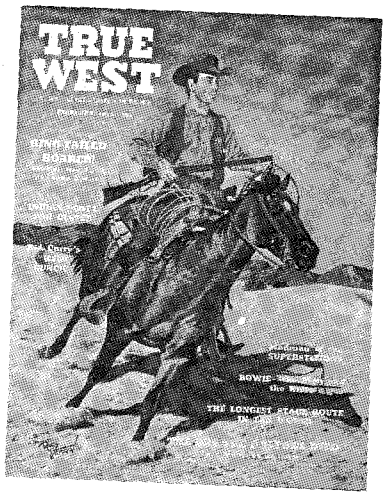

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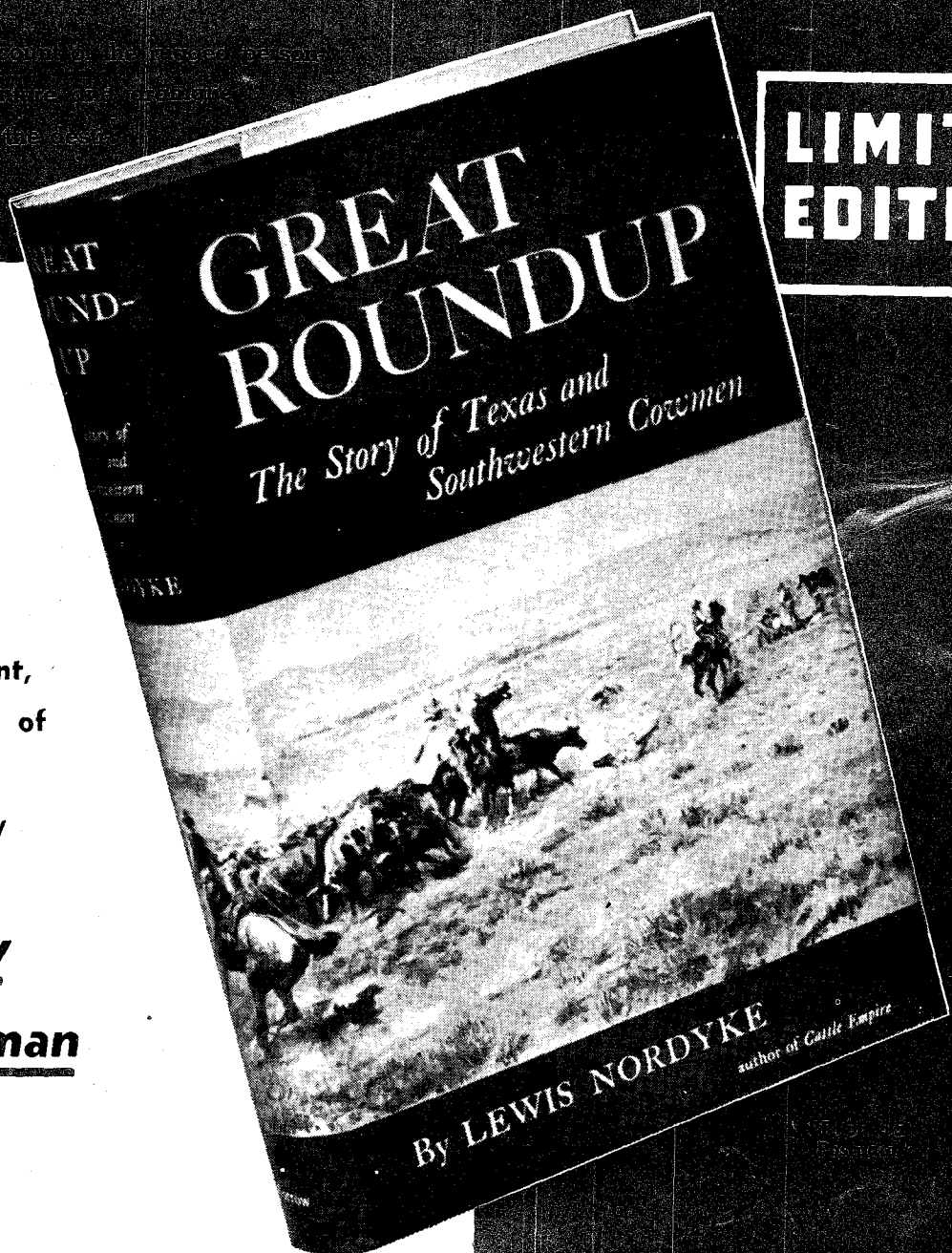

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